

# THE MONTH

*A Catholic Magazine and Review.*

MARCH, 1883.

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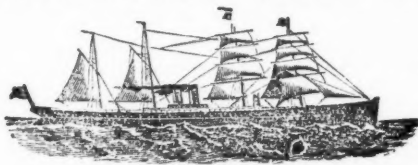
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### *The Catholic Doctrine of Lying & Equivocation.*

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THERE is a question often put, and probably never answered in the negative: "Can you keep a secret?" No woman certainly ever avowed that she could not. We all profess to know how to keep secrets; we all profess likewise to speak the truth; yet, how to keep a secret in the face of an impertinent questioner, and still tell no lie to put him off, is a delicate moral operation, that baffles many people's skill. There is one rough way of doing it, which I suppose is the common way. It begins by assuming that the essence of a lie consists in a violation of the hearer's right to the truth. Then the consequence is drawn, that where an inquirer has no right to know the truth about which he inquires, and an untruth is necessary to keep the truth from him, there an untruth may be told, which will be no lie. "If all killing be not murder," demands Milton, "nor all taking of another man's property stealing, why should all untruths be lies?" I will not call this doctrine un-Catholic, held as it is by many loyal children of the Church, but I submit that it is unphilosophical, and may be brought to bear bitter fruit in theology. For if truthfulness is a matter of strict justice and the hearer's right, and we have, as the best theologians teach, no strict rights against our Creator, where is the guarantee of the truthfulness of God in revelation?

Another way, amusingly described by Cardinal Newman, is the way of those who will have it through thick and thin, that all lies and untruths, and all manner of equivocation and lack of sincerity in speech are radically wrong, extremely wrong and shameful: still that a man would not be man, if he did not tell a lie now and then at a hard pinch, and that the best thing he can do is to come out with the lie, and have done with it, and forget it, and rail louder than before against casuists and Jesuits, lying lips, and all who speak leasing.

Both these ways are objectionable. We must not lie to keep

a secret, neither may we tell an untruth, for all formal untruth is lying. Are we then to use equivocation? Equivocation is a word formed from the Latin *aequivocatio*. Many good theologians writing in Latin have advocated what they call *aequivocatio*. English Catholic authors, treading in their footsteps, and literally translating their words, have argued in favour of equivocation as being in case of need a lawful means for preserving what ought to be preserved secret. But English is unfortunately not the language of a Catholic people. Words mean not what we would have them mean, not what the corresponding word means in the language of the Church, but their meaning is that which they commonly bear in educated English society. Now the ordinary educated Englishman takes equivocation to denote a practice which is certainly wrong, and carries all the guilt of lying. As, if being asked whether Antony is in the house, I privately press my foot on the ground, and say, "No, he is not here," meaning, he is not in the cellar, or if I deny that I have any Spanish letters about me, understanding that such letters are not in my pockets, but in my portmanteau, which is lying beside me on the pavement, the answer *No* in these cases may be a lie, or it may not, but it is not saved from being a lie by such subterfuges as these, which are purely mental and confined to the mind of the speaker.

What ordinary Englishmen call equivocation, corresponds to that which Catholic divines know as *pure mental reservation*, and that is a cowardly fashion of lying. Where *aequivocatio* is mentioned with approval in a page of Latin casuistry, the word ought to be translated, *broad mental reservation*. To render it *equivocation*, is to create confusion, just as much as if one should render the canonical appeal, *peto apostolos*, "I ask for the apostles," or the old French, *entre chien et loup*, "between a dog and a wolf." On this understanding I venture to assert that the Catholic doctrine condemns absolutely and under all circumstances, all lying and all equivocation.

And likewise all mental reservation? No, not all mental reservation. One form of that is lawful, when it is necessary to baffle an impertinent inquirer and keep a secret.

Mental reservation is an act of the mind, limiting the spoken phrase that it may not bear the full sense which at first hearing it seems to bear. The reservation, or limitation of the spoken sense, is said to be *broad* or *pure*, according as it is, or is not, indicated externally. A *pure mental reservation*, where the

speaker uses words in a limited meaning, without giving any outward clue to the limitation, is, as I have said already, in nothing different from a lie, and is wrong as a lie is always wrong. Is then a broad mental reservation always right? May we amuse ourselves, trying the quickness of our friends' perceptions, meaning less than we seem to say, and leaving them to guess the "economy of truth" by some delicate hint thrown out thereof? Such sharp practice is by no means to be permitted promiscuously. Mental reservation, even on the *broad* gauge, is permissible only as a last resource, when no other means are available for the preservation of some secret, which one has a duty to others, or a right to oneself, to keep.

Here I must explain the Catholic doctrine concerning secrets. We distinguish *natural* secrets, secrets of *promise* (*secretum promissum*), and secrets of *trust* (*secretum commissum*). A natural secret is all a man's own private history, which he would not have made public, as also all that he discovers of the private history of his neighbours by his own lawful observation without being told, supposing the thing discovered to be one that requires concealment. If I find out something about my neighbour, and after I have found it out for myself, he gets me to promise not to publish it, that is a secret of promise. Lastly, if one man comes to another, as to a lawyer, or a surgeon, for professional advice, or simply to a friend, for moral counsel, and in order thereto imparts to him some of his natural secrets, those secrets, as they are received and held by the person consulted, are called secrets of trust. This latter kind of secret is privileged above the other two. A natural secret, and also a secret of promise, must be delivered up on the demand of an authority empowered to inquire in the department in which the secret lies. A counsel cross-examining a witness would not be put off with the answer, "I promised not to tell." But a secret of trust is to be given up to no inquirer. Such a secret is to be kept against all who seek to come by it, except where the matter bodes mischief and wrong to a third party, or to the community, and where at the same time the owner of the secret cannot be persuaded to desist from the wrong. In particular cases it is often extremely difficult to decide whether this exception holds or not. But some cases are plain. If Father Garnet had known of the Gunpowder Plot under a secret of trust—and not under the seal of confession, which makes a secret supernatural, and absolutely inviolable—he ought certainly either to have turned

the conspirators from their purpose, or, failing that, to have given information to the Government.<sup>1</sup>

Therefore a secret of promise is to be kept against all inquiries other than official. A secret of trust is to be kept even against official inquiries, under the limitations that I have laid down. The keeping of a secret of promise is an obligation at least of fidelity: that of a secret of trust is matter of strict justice. Both are obligations binding under sin. It is a sin to lie, no doubt: but it is a greater sin, usually, to divulge your neighbour's secret.

The difficulty now comes round again, how to keep a secret against an impertinent questioner, without lying. The main art of keeping a secret is not to talk about it. If a man is asked an awkward question, and sees no alternative but to let out or lie, it is usually his own fault for having encouraged the questioner up to that point. A wise man lets drop in time topics of conversation which he is unwilling to have pressed. He is never the first to introduce such topics. It is said of the ploughman in Ecclesiasticus, that his story is of the sons of bulls—*enarratio ejus in filiis taurorum*. After all, cattle have no secrets, but men and women have. Of that class of persons whose profession lies in the way of hearing them, doctors, lawyers, priests, none would altogether like to hear it said of him: His stories are of his penitents, his clients, or his patients.

But there are unconscionable people, *ἀναιδέεις*, who will not be put off, and who either out of malice or out of stupidity, ply you with questions against all rules of good breeding. This direct assault may sometimes be retaliated, and a rude question met by a rough answer. But such a reply is not always prudent, and would not unfrequently convey the very information required. Silence would serve no better, for silence gives consent, and is eloquent at times. There is nothing left for it in such cases but to lock your secret up, as it were, in a separate compartment of your breast, and answer according to the remainder of your information, which is not secret, private, and confidential. This looks very much like lying, but it is not lying, it is speaking the truth under a broad mental reservation.

<sup>1</sup> Hence it appears that, apart from the base artifice by which it was found out that Garnet had known of the Plot beforehand, his condemnation was justifiable by the law of a Protestant country, which allows no higher sacredness to the seal of confession than to the professional knowledge of a lawyer about his client's acts and intentions. Here is a case where the Catholic Church must suffer wrong for want of being borne out by a Catholic State.

"What news, my lord, from France?" some one asked of a Cabinet Minister. "I don't know," was the reply, "I have not read the papers." The story is Cardinal Newman's. Here the sense of the *I don't know* is restricted and reserved, internally in the mind of the speaker, and externally, by the words added about the newspapers. It is a mental reservation of the broadest, such as no Pharisee could call a lie. Now suppose the reference to the papers omitted. It would still be very hard to call the *don't know* a lie. The reservation of official knowledge is still sufficiently apparent; no sensible man would expect that to be communicated by way of ordinary chit-chat. Above all, when a topic has been forced upon one, and questions put that admit of no evasion by an inquirer who has no right to ask, then surely any denial or disclaimer that may be elicited, however direct the form of words, must be qualified by the outward circumstances in which it is spoken. This qualification, unspoken but not unsignified, will be, "secrets apart."

Indeed this qualification may be said to go along with all human utterances. But in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, the facts of the position indicate that the value of the qualification comes to zero: there can or ought to be no secrets about the matter. "Porter, what time does the night-mail leave for Paris?" "At a quarter to nine." "You mean, of course, *secrets apart*?" "Well, I do, but who dreams of secrets about the train-service?" On my way to Paris, I come across a garrulous Frenchman, who pesters me with politics when I want to sleep. I conclude there are no political secrets in that man's brain: if there are, he has no business to be so free with his tongue. But as I show a resolute unwillingness to talk politics, the reserve of *secrets apart* has an appreciable value in the *yes's* and *no's* which he contrives to wring out of me: how does he know that he has not to do with a confidential diplomatic agent? This at least he ought to know, that a man who is honoured with the confidence of the Government, will not part with it to the first puppy who sets upon him to worry him, but will either hold his peace, or when that cannot be, will return an answer for which his interrogator shall be none the wiser. In other words, he will answer out of his communicable, and not out of his incommunicable knowledge. The qualification, *secrets apart*, should be borne in mind by persons who are in the habit of asking indiscreet and unwarrantable questions.

But also it must be borne in mind that a question which would be unwarrantable, put by equal to equal, may be perfectly fair and proper in the mouth of a parent, or of a cross-examining counsel who has the support of a court of law. There are few secrets that one has a right to hold against every inquirer. Knowledge that is incommunicable here is communicable there: absolutely incommunicable knowledge is a rare possession.

Mental reservation is allowable only when we are driven into a corner by captious questions about a matter which we have a grave reason and a right to keep secret, and where we have no other escape. This doctrine will not justify the setting of false or equivocal statements afloat, where no one has questioned you. It will not justify the practice of lying to children as such. But of course, in meeting their demands, we may present the information in a childish dress, so that they may learn only that which a good and reasonable child would wish to know. In replying to a sick person, I suppose a piece of news highly dangerous for him to hear might be treated as a natural secret. But I cannot comprehend the morality, nor indeed the wisdom, of inventing gratuitous fictions for the comfort of the sick. As for lies in jest, they remain lies, unless it be tolerably manifest that we are "drawing the long bow." Words may be explained away by looks or other outward circumstances, sometimes by the very grotesqueness or absurdity of the statement itself. Friend addressing friend does not mean all he says to be taken *au pied de la lettre*: it is part of knowing a man to understand his jokes.

It will add very much to clearness of notions in all this matter, to define wherein the essential wrongness of lying consists. What is there cleaving to a lie that makes it always wrong, so that one must never lie, no, not for worlds? A lie is made up of two elements, one in the utterer and one in the hearer. There is the deception begotten in the mind of the hearer, and in the speaker there is the discord between what he says and what he thinks to be true,—not necessarily, be it observed, between what he says and what is true. Both these elements are evil; the former, the deception, obviously so. Human society cannot go on, if men are to be allowed promiscuously to deceive one another. Then no one likes to be deceived, and we are not to do to our neighbour what we would not have done to ourselves. The laws of good fellowship require that we should speak the truth to one another in ordinary

circumstances, as they likewise require that in ordinary circumstances we should respect the life and property of our fellow-men. But to take life and to seize upon property is lawful in certain emergencies, in self-defence and for self-preservation, or with the sanction of authority. These exceptions stand very well with the well-being of society, or rather are required by it; the lives of brigands and assassins must not be sacrosanct as the lives of other men. No man is reasonably unwilling that, if taken red-handed, he may himself be slain. The law against deceiving our neighbour, so far as it is founded on the prejudice done to society and the annoyance of the person deceived, seems to admit of similar exceptions. Whoever has no reasonable objection to have life and property taken from him in certain circumstances, cannot reasonably complain for any hurt or inconvenience that he may suffer in being sometimes deceived. There is a well-known story told by the younger Pliny of the Roman matron Arria, who, having lost her son by sickness, and all but lost her husband, used to tell the latter in his convalescence, when he inquired about the boy, "Oh, he has slept well: he has had quite an appetite." Then she would rush out of the room to conceal her tears. I will not vouch for the objective morality of these replies: they may or may not be justified as broad mental reservations. But they are much more easily justified, if the whole harm of lying consists in the hearer's unwillingness to be deceived, by saying that the sick man was not unwilling to suffer a deception rendered necessary by his state of health. The same doctrine would justify other speeches of a much more objectionable character. It would, in fact, contain the re-affirmation of the old Greek position, that deceit is a medicine and a drug, and may be administered, *ἐν φαρμάκῳ εἶδει*, especially by persons in authority, wherever they judge that it will work a wholesome effect, and wherever the person deceived is not unwilling, or at least ought not to be surprised or complain, considering the circumstances. But this would be to throw the door open wide to the whole crowd of official, officious, and jocose lies. Untruths told for a purpose to enemies, to children, to subjects, to servants: pleasant fictions to gratify a friend: hoaxes unlimited, where we think the victim ought not much to mind: these will be withdrawn from the category of lying, or will be registered as white lies and lawful.

Worst of all, if the whole harm of lying is in the unpleasant



effect wrought upon the deceived hearer, or in the scandal and bad consequences to society at large, it is not clear that lying is impossible to God ; and our faith, based on the Divine veracity, is shaken to the foundation. God, as Master, might bid the deceived listener bear the mortification and shame of being duped. He might by His providence prevent any scandal or general bad consequences to society ; or, as Sovereign, He might impose or permit such consequences, as He sends or permits a pestilence. The Lord of life and death who commanded Isaac to be slain, and who daily "taketh away the spirit of princes," is not to be restrained from being a deceiver by the mere reluctance of His creatures, unless there be some element in the Divine nature itself which makes it utterly impossible for God to deceive and speak false.

Undoubtedly there is such an element. It lies even at the root of the sanctity of God. God is holy in that, being by essence the fulness of all Being and all Goodness, He is ever true to Himself in every act of His understanding, of His will, and of His power. By His understanding He abidingly covers, grasps, and comprehends His whole Being. With His will He loves Himself supremely. His power is exercised entirely for His glory—entirely, but not exclusively, for God's last and best external glory is in the consummated happiness of His creatures. Whatever God makes, He makes in His own likeness, more or less so according to the degree of being which He imparts to the creature. And as whatever God does is like Him, and whatever God makes is like Him, so whatever God says is like Him : His spoken word answers to His inward word and thought. It holds of God as of every being who has a thought to think and a word to utter :

To thine own self be true,  
And it must follow as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

God's sanctity is in His being true to Himself. His veracity is a part of His sanctity. He cannot in His speech, or revelation of Himself, contradict what He really has in His mind, without ceasing to be holy and being no longer God.

But the sanctity of intellectual creatures must be, like their every other attribute and perfection, modelled on the corresponding perfection of their Maker. Holiness must mean truthfulness in man, for it means truthfulness in God. God's words cannot be at variance with His thought, for God is essential



holiness. Nor can man speak otherwise than as he thinks without marring the attribute of holiness in himself, that is, without doing wrong. And this is the real, intrinsic, primary, and inseparable reason, why lying, or speech in contradiction with the thought of the speaker, is everywhere and always wrong.

This is the simple reason assigned by St. Thomas of Aquin :

A lie is wrong in its kind, for it is an act falling on undue matter. For whereas words are naturally signs of thoughts, it is unnatural and undue that any one should signify by word that which he has not in his mind.

He admits as a secondary reason of the evil of lying, that :

Because man is a social animal, naturally one man owes another that without which human society could not be preserved. But men could not mutually dwell together, unless they mutually trusted one another as mutually declaring to each other the truth.

But when he faces the objection, that "the lesser evil is to be chosen for the avoidance of the greater ; but it is less harm that one should engender a false opinion in the mind of another than that a man should slay or be slain : therefore a man may lawfully lie to keep one party from committing murder and to save another's blood : " in face of this objection he falls back upon the main argument already alleged, and replies :

A lie is a sin, not merely for the damage done thereby to a neighbour, but for its own inordinateness, as has been explained. But it is not lawful to use any unlawful inordinateness to hinder the harm and prejudice of others. And therefore it is not lawful to tell a lie for the purpose of delivering another from any danger whatsoever. It is lawful however to hide the truth prudently under some dissembling.

I believe that this doctrine of the Angel of the Schools has never been departed from without danger to theology and to morality, to the one in the matter of the Divine veracity, and to the other in the matter of officious lying. Never must any intellectual being, not even the highest and most exalted of all, be permitted to use signs in contradiction to his thought whereof they are signs. If for the keeping of a secret, and under sore pressure, a man may speak by his communicable knowledge alone, and ignore what he has of incommunicable

knowledge, circumstances must outwardly suggest that reservation to a prudent listener. The whole man speaks, the situation speaks; the words must not be considered by themselves and in the abstract; they are a text to be taken in conjunction with the note and comment which accompany them. This annotated text, so to speak, answers to the thought of the author: there is then no clash of sign and thing signified, there is no lie. What is required is that the comment and reservation be not all inscribed within the mind of the speaker, but be legible outwardly; likewise, that the modifying clause be not resorted to without reason. The reservation must not be needless, and it must be *broad*, not *pure*. Thus are we to take St. Thomas's hint: "It is lawful to hide the truth prudently under some dissembling."<sup>2</sup>

JOSEPH RICKABY.

<sup>2</sup> See *Summa Theologiae*, p. 2-2. q. 109, art. 3, ad 1; and q. 110, art. 3, corp. and ad 4. See too q. 110, art. 1, corp., where lying is accurately defined.

## *With the British Army in Egypt.*

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A LETTER FROM A FRENCH MISSIONARY.

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*Cairo, January, 1883.*

THE course of events during the Egyptian campaign showed clearly enough that the Providence of God watched over the English army in Egypt; and it is only fair to add that the army did not forget God. Five Catholic priests were appointed to act as chaplains there, and five Protestant clergymen belonging to the Established Church, besides two Presbyterian ministers. A fourth, possibly a third part of the troops, were Catholics, including among their number three or four colonels and a brigadier general. Even in the Indian division, composed for the most part of Mussulmans, there were three or four hundred Catholics, belonging chiefly to the Madras Regiment of Sappers.

The Catholic chaplains were, as far as my observation went, all men of education and piety, and most zealous in their devotion to the men. One day when I was dining with one of them, I noticed that he drank no wine. "I do so," he said, "because wine and spirits form the most dangerous temptation of my Catholic soldiers. I can only preserve them from drunkenness and its consequences by persuading them to become total abstainers. It appeared to me the wisest plan to practise myself what I preach to them."

These chaplains wear officers' uniform, the only difference being that the two gold stars are embroidered on the collar instead of upon the shoulders of the coat. They rank as captains, and mess with the officers. More than once they have assured me that the conversation of these young officers, the greater number of whom are Protestants, is kept within the strictest limits of propriety, and that they have never been obliged to listen to anything painful or unsuitable for the ears of

a priest, but have invariably been treated with the utmost consideration and most sincere respect.

I hardly think the Protestant ministers are as much thought of by the soldiers as the Catholic chaplains, so, at least, the following fact appears to indicate. A Protestant colonel, who was much beloved by his regiment, having fallen sick at Ismailia, politely declined the proffered services of the minister. After his death the officers clubbed together in order to raise to his memory a tombstone, surmounted by a cross of white marble; and it was the Catholic chaplain whom they commissioned to see that the design for the stone was duly executed at Cairo, and afterwards placed over the grave. People say, though I should not myself like to institute any invidious comparisons, that the Protestant ministers did not display when under fire, a zeal or self-sacrifice at all comparable to that exhibited by the Catholic chaplains in ministering to the wounded and dying. One of the latter was wounded in the foot during an engagement, and compelled to return to England.

The intercourse was, however, of the most friendly kind on both sides. In fact I heard of one minister borrowing a book of instructions from a Catholic chaplain to help him in preparing his sermons. And there was so little distinction made between them, that a worthy hotel keeper whom I knew was quite surprised when I went to call on one of the Catholic chaplains who was boarding in his house. He had not noticed that there was any difference made between him and the Protestant ministers who sat at the same table with him.

The English forces are now reduced to twelve thousand men, of whom from seven to eight thousand are at Cairo, and two thousand at Alexandria. Only three Catholic chaplains are left with the troops; two at Cairo and one at Alexandria.

I do not mean to assert that our good chaplains meet with nothing painful in the discharge of their duties, for if I did so, no one would believe me. What most often causes them a heartfelt pang is when, on going their rounds in the hospital, they are obliged to pass the bed of some dying man without venturing to say a word to him, because, although his name proclaims him to be Irish, the words "Church of England" stand above it. All the priest can do under the circumstances is to offer a silent prayer, recommending to the mercy of God the unhappy man who—probably for some temporal advantage—has forsaken the faith of his forefathers, and who, now that his last

hour has come, would perhaps fain return to it were the opportunity of doing so offered him.

Both Protestant ministers and Catholic priests were excluded from a share in the military rewards distributed by the Khedive, on account of having protested against the English troops being present at the ceremony of the departure of the caravan conveying the sacred carpet to Mecca.

Almost all the Catholic soldiers wear the scapular, and the majority of them went to confession and received Holy Communion before the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. After that battle, one of the chaplains heard some cavalry soldiers relating how, having surrounded an Egyptian soldier, they had fired their revolvers at him without the least effect, and cut at him in vain with their sabres, so great was the agility he displayed in eluding them. The conclusion they finally came to was that he was a sorcerer. Some time later on, the priest who was my informant, when visiting an ambulance, heard the other side of the story from the lips of the very Egyptian soldier who had thus wonderfully escaped. He was a Greek by birth, and at the close of his story the man showed him a medal of our Lady which he wore round his neck, saying: It is to her I owe my escape from the revolvers and the sabres; I was alone, on foot, and almost without arms, against six or seven men on horseback and well armed.

There were a good many Catholic soldiers in the army of occupation, and the example they set to their co-religionists here was admirable. The regularity of their attendance at Mass on Sundays, and their behaviour in church was most edifying; and every week, several of them, undeterred by human respect, might be seen approaching the Holy Table. A good many too were present at the Benediction, given by the chaplain every evening in the new church of St. Joseph, in the Ismailian quarter of the town.

When the soldiers met us in the street, they never failed to salute us as they would officers of the highest rank. The other day the two Scotch sentries on guard before the Khedive's palace presented arms to me as I passed, and the sentries in the camp at Gesireh used to bring their muskets to the front, holding them in both hands, as was customary in saluting a superior officer. Indeed when it was a question of showing honour to their faith, the good fellows far exceeded the rules laid down, and the officers never interfered with them.

That which attracted the most attention in the early days of the occupation were the Scotch regiments, with their kilts, and a very peculiar ornament which hangs down in front, namely, a wide lappet of long white hair, on which two tufts of black horsehair are prominent, the whole being surmounted by a crescent formed of leather. It is called the sporach. The bands of these regiments consist solely of bag-pipes, in the midst of which is a huge drum, which seems to play the principal part. A soldier wearing an apron of tiger-skin beats it in a very matter-of-fact manner, like a man who is merely doing his duty.

The Indian regiments excited no less curiosity; the native soldier looks as if he were walking on stilts, so extremely slender are his legs; his head is crowned with an enormous turban, adorned with a grey tuft. He smiles whenever he catches your eye, and it is impossible to look at him without laughing; you may fancy him to be highly amused at the impression he makes on you, but I am disposed to believe it is rather your appearance which makes him smile. Among the cavalry regiments we may mention the Bengal Lancers, dressed in blue, with splendid turbans, the ends of which are striped with yellow and hang down on the shoulder; the Paônas, in green jackets and nankeen trousers; the Nepaulese, all in yellow, and the natives of the Deccan, clad in blue, with turbans of a ruby red. Among the infantry, the Madras Sappers, also in blue, the Beloochees, with red breeches like those worn by Zouaves, &c., &c. Around these regiments a crowd of Indians may be seen jogging along, their garments consisting in a large turban, an old waistcoat, and a towel. These are the soldiers' servants, for every Indian soldier has his own servant, who carries water for him, cooks for him, mends his clothes, &c. The regiment is followed by the litters employed in the transport of the sick and wounded; each litter consists of a hammock of grey cloth slung from a bamboo, the ends of which are carried by two natives. These litters are said to be very well arranged.

Over and over again have I been saluted most affectionately in the street by groups of Indian soldiers, who were no doubt Catholics. How I regretted my inability to address a word to them! Many of their number were probably the spiritual children of our missionaries in Madras, Bombay, and Calcutta. They used to come and ask the Franciscan Fathers who were

acting as parish priests for rosaries and pictures ; bowing to the earth in presence of the priest, they were at a loss for terms to express their gratitude.

As for the Mohammedans and heathen, every one knows how tenaciously they cling to the strange observances prescribed by their religion. This did not however prevent the former from fighting against their co-religionists in Egypt. I was told that part of the provisions belonging to an Indian regiment having been rendered utterly useless during the passage of the Red Sea, the poor creatures obstinately refused to partake of food of another description which was offered them, but which was not in conformity with their law, and serious apprehensions were entertained lest this scruple should cause the death of a good many of them. All these splendid Indian regiments have now left, and there remain only the English troops, the glaring and discordant colours of whose dress strike the eye in a singularly displeasing manner in this lonely country, where all the hues of the landscape are in such perfect harmony. I recently had an opportunity of seeing the Egyptian troops and the English regiments side by side in full uniform. The English soldier is much better made, the cut of his clothes superior, the cavalry horses are finer and more powerful ; but how far more pleasing is the appearance of the Egyptian troops ! Their blue uniforms with orange-coloured facings are absolutely unsoiled ; the cavalry soldiers wearing smoke-colour with white pipings, or greyish-blue with ornaments of bright red, whilst their Arab steeds are almost all light grey. One feels that they thoroughly belong to the country, and harmonize with the scenery of the Nile or the Desert.

But of what practical use is all this outward beauty, harmonious and pleasing though it be ! The Englishman is there in his calm strength, to remind us of the sentence of doom written in the Book of Ezechiel. Unhappy sons of Egypt ! "They shall be there a low kingdom"—*Et erunt ibi in regnum humile*.<sup>1</sup> "There shall be no more a prince of the land of Egypt"—*Et dux de terra Ægypti non erit amplius*.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Ezech. xxix. 14.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* xxx. 13.

### *Who Painted the Flowers?*

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IT may, I suppose, be without question assumed that flowers are beautiful. Whatever else the caprice of taste may command us or forbid us to admire, there is one fashion which, though every season repeated, is yet found to be ever fresh, the fashion of the violet and the rose; and there is no truth to which the common observation and the common-sense of mankind have given a readier assent, than they have to the declaration that the most splendid of monarchs in all his glory was not arrayed as are the lilies of the field.

So far there is agreement. But in these days of ours it will not do to rest satisfied with the fact: it must needs be asked how the fact came to be. That these beautiful flowers were made beautiful simply as they are, that their grace came to them as it comes to a copy of themselves on a Christmas card or in an artificial bouquet, directly from the hand of an artist, is not the sort of explanation of which contemporary science will take account. But as the fact has to be somehow explained, science is ready to explain it, and that particular school of science for which there are no puzzles, for which the making of an apple is an operation no wise more mysterious than the making of an apple dumpling, is here, as everywhere, ready with a full, true, and particular account of the process of adornment and of every step and stage in the same. As usual, too, the explanation offered is not likely to err through any morbid deference to the ideas of previous generations. It has hitherto been supposed that flowers were not only the most beautiful but also the least utilitarian of the products of the earth; that their chief function was not in any way to toil or to spin, but to adorn our fields and woods with the brightness of their hues and the fragrance of their breath, and that in the need of some such adornment to save the face of nature from too dull a monotony, was somehow to be sought the reason of their being.

This, we now learn, is all wrong. The colours on the petals



of a rose are no more to be attributed to a purely artistic motive than those on the sign-board of an enterprising publican; flowers are in fact like nothing so much as sign-boards, which let the passing insect know where good cheer, in the shape of honey, is to be had; and the blossoms which we see at the present day are what they are simply because they have managed their advertising business better than others, which they have consequently trampled out of the world in the keen competition for existence.

This is no overstatement of the theory in vogue. Flowers, it is said, need the service of insects to assist in their propagation, and therefore must attract insects, and those which have best succeeded in so doing have best succeeded in the race of life. And consequently the various hues and their various arrangements which we see on blossoms have come to be there because their casual presence helped in the great work of attraction, and by that attraction was, by natural selection, "developed." Hear Sir John Lubbock:<sup>1</sup> "To them (bees and other insects) we owe the beauty of our gardens, the sweetness of our fields. To them flowers are indebted for their scent and colour; nay, for their very existence, in its present form. Not only have the present shape and outlines, the brilliant colours, the sweet scent, and the honey of flowers, been gradually developed through the unconscious selection exercised by insects; but the very arrangement of the colours, the circular bands and radiating lines, the form, size, and position of the petals, the relative situations of the stamen and pistil, are all arranged with reference to the visits of insects, and in such a manner as to ensure the grand object which these visits are destined to effect."

The expression "unconscious selection" here employed suggests a question which Sir John Lubbock does not explicitly propose, and which, though I do not purpose to treat it, should at least be indicated. Of course the selection, whatever it be, exercised by insects must, so far as they are concerned, be "unconscious." But when that is allowed the question of design remains in its entirety. Are these unconscious workers, or are they not, the instruments of conscious intelligence? Many, especially among the lesser lights, of the modern school are very peremptory in their denial of any consciousness, or intelligence, or æsthetic intention, anywhere in the process of evolution.

<sup>1</sup> *British Wild Flowers in Relation to Insects*, p. 45.

Mr. Grant Allen, for example, tells us<sup>2</sup> that "the whole loveliness of flowers is . . . dependent upon all kinds of *accidental* causes—causes, that is to say, into which the deliberate design of the production of beautiful effects did not enter as a distinct factor." The question so raised I do not now wish to treat. It appears to me that to institute an argument on this point would be very like insisting that we could not get a finished picture of the Venetian school by shaking a kaleidoscope, or that we could not produce a poem of the Laureate's, say the *In Memoriam*, from the letters which designate the divisions of our police by arranging the men who compose the force along Regent Street, according to their height or their weight or their length of service. It is true that an eminent leader of fashionable thought<sup>3</sup> finds the existence of a Providence a less satisfactory and scientific explanation of the phenomena we observe than an "unconscious effort to the good and the true which exists in the universe, and throws a cast of the dice through each of us." But such phrases are at least to the majority of minds, to say nothing of their authors, simply phrases, and mean nothing. "Some people," says Dr. Asa Gray,<sup>4</sup> "conceive of unconscious purpose. This to most minds seems like conceiving of white blackness." It must needs be a hyper-metaphysical disquisition which has such a concept for a theme, and I wish to deal not with speculative, but with observed fact. Supposing the production of beauty to be like everything else in nature, the result of law,<sup>5</sup> I wish to ask how far the facts that we can see bear out the theory that insects have been even the sole instruments for the production of beauty in our gardens and our fields. This is a pure question of natural science, which can be discussed without any *a priori* prepossessions. To allow the insects all that is claimed for them would not be to deny that there is a law; it would be to make the law inconceivably more wonderful. The checks and counter-checks of the system must be indeed of marvellous complexity if insects working directly for food, and indirectly serving to the propagation of species, and being allured by colour as an indication of food, and so serving yet more indirectly to propagate colour,—should under

<sup>2</sup> *Evolutionist at Large*, p. 205.

<sup>3</sup> M. Renan, *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse*.

<sup>4</sup> *Contemporary Review*, April, 1882, p. 609.

<sup>5</sup> "Lawless, or really random variation, would be a strange anomaly in this world of law, and a singular conclusion to be reached by those who insist upon the universality of natural law" (Dr. Asa Gray, *loc. cit.*).

the guidance of one unvarying taste have produced, in respect of colour, such bewildering variety, and through all variety have in every direction hit upon the beautiful: wonderful indeed would it be that not only they should have dyed different blossoms with all the different colours of the rainbow, but that they should have managed these different materials with such exquisite diversity; spotting the foxglove, and streaking the geranium, and yet refraining from painting the lily,—while yet in each case the result has been such that we can conceive none fitter.

As a plain matter of fact, then, how does the observation which is within the reach of all bear out the assertion that all which there is in flowers is "arranged with reference to the visits of insects, and in such a manner as to ensure the grand object which these visits are destined to effect?"<sup>6</sup>

The theory, I repeat, is that every variation which has been perpetuated has been so perpetuated because it served to attract insects, which have in their turn served to propagate the variety. But, in the first place, if this be true of colour, how about *form*? This is a most important factor in the beauty of flowers. "Everybody knows," writes Mr. Grant Allen,<sup>7</sup> "that flowers are rendered beautiful by their shapes, by their perfumes, and above all by their colours." And Sir John Lubbock, in the passage already cited, includes "the shape and outlines" among the features which have been developed through the selection of insects. But how can the form conduce, or be imagined to conduce, to the advertisement of honey-stores within? In a broad way certain shapes of blossoms may help a bee or a butterfly to find where the honey is more readily, or to get at it more easily. But, to say nothing of such fantastic growths as the butterfly-orchis or the monk's-hood, how can the artistic finish of the edge of a petal or the curve of grace and beauty introduced in the outline of a cup do anything to allure honey-seekers? Or, letting the flowers alone, how can this agency account for the graceful shapes of leaves?

Moreover, there is a large class of plants which admittedly are nothing to insects—the *anemophilous* or wind-fertilized flowers, and the large order of *cryptogams*,—ferns, mosses, and the like. It is generally assumed on the utilitarian hypothesis

<sup>6</sup> Dr. Asa Gray pertinently remarks that all writers have to agree in speaking of "arrangements," "adaptations," "contrivances," and the like, in this connexion.

<sup>7</sup> *The Colours of Flowers*, p. 1.

that where colour can do no positive good it cannot exist, and that its absence, in the case of the plants indicated, is a proof of the general theory. But firstly, it is by no means true that colour is absent. The hues of our autumnal fungi are at least as vivid as those of any spring or summer blossoms, and in the large wind-fertilized tribe of the grasses there is great variety and great beauty of colouring, as any one may see in any meadow in May or June. But beyond that, and granting for the sake of argument the absence of colour, who can deny the exceeding great beauty of the fronds of a maiden-hair fern or the head of a feather-grass? Mr. Ruskin's exquisite little engraving of "foreground leafage" in *Modern Painters* fills many with wonder and delight, and yet, as he himself tells us, it represents only what any one may see who chooses to lie down on his face in any field in summer; while in any square yard of vegetation there are more delicate variations on the same theme than any artist but the sun could faithfully reproduce.

Here then is, at the outset, a difficulty which seems fatal to the theory under examination; for if there be undoubted facts which the agency of insects can no wise have affected, how can it be assumed that such agency is the only possible explanation of other facts analogous to these?

Leaving this question suggested by the shape, I come to the colour itself. How far is the theory of insect agency supported by a mere examination of this element of flower beauty, precluding from aught else? That insects, bees especially, can produce very marked variegation in the colour of blossoms, no one will deny who has seen the growth of a zebra-like variety of garden nasturtium<sup>8</sup> after the bees have been busily working alternately at a bed of maroon-brown and of sulphur-yellow flowers. But how far are we justified in assuming that this has been the sole means of producing the colours that we see? Those who defend such a position assert, as is indeed necessary for their case, that all flowers with conspicuous petals must depend on insects for their well-being, otherwise they would but waste so much of their vital energy on an unremunerative product. So assured are they of this that Mr. Grant Allen, relying on an *a priori* method of reasoning which would seem rather out of harmony with modern scientific canons, unhesitatingly pronounces on the past history of plants from this feature alone. There is, for instance, a well-known plant, the

<sup>8</sup> *Tropaeolum majus*.

ribwort plantain,<sup>9</sup> with which children play at soldiers—if indeed there still be children who care to play games which cost no money. It is wind-fertilized and unvisited by insects. At the same time it has a perfectly-formed corolla—inconspicuous indeed, dark-coloured and dry, but as symmetrical in form as a corolla need be. A wind-fertilized plant has no need of a corolla at all, and can gain nothing by turning out on every one of its flower-heads a multitude of these shapely little cups. *Therefore*, says Mr. Allen, the plantain is a degraded plant; it was once fertilized by insects, but has for some reason or other reverted to the “older and more wasteful process” of wind-fertilization, retaining, however, in its little corolla a testimony against itself. “Once upon a time it was a sort of distant cousin to the speedwell. But these particular speedwells gave up devoting themselves to insects, and became adapted to wind-fertilization. . . . Thus every plant bears upon its very face the history of its whole previous development.”<sup>10</sup> We are accordingly asked to take it for granted with the same authority,<sup>11</sup> that the bright pigments of flowers have, for their main, if not their only function, the attraction of insects—from which it would follow that a bright flower with no honey, or a bright flower at which, from any circumstance, insects could not get, would be a monstrosity in nature, and would as such be necessarily and speedily trampled out. It is at least remarkable that what is probably the most conspicuously-coloured of English flowers, the poppy, secretes no honey at all, although it is true that its abundant pollen offers some reward to the bees which take the trouble to visit it, which special source of attraction will suggest another question presently. But a far more puzzling problem is presented by Wordsworth's pet flower, the little celandine.<sup>12</sup> Appearing in early spring, when insects have hardly begun to stir, this little plant indulges in a luxuriance of blossomhood not inferior to that of its cousins, the summer buttercups. That from a decorative and æsthetic point of view such display is worth making, no one will deny who looks forward, as one of the chief charms of spring, to see the celandines “take March winds with beauty.” But as a mere matter of business, where does the plant find its account for all this expenditure? Not certainly in its fertilization by insects, which is sufficiently evidenced by the fact that celandines are seldom fertilized at all.

<sup>9</sup> *Plantago Canceolata*.

<sup>10</sup> *Evolutionist at Large*, pp. 137—141.

<sup>11</sup> *Colours of Flowers*, p. 7.

<sup>12</sup> *Ranunculus ficaria*.

The examination of a whole field after flowering will hardly result in the discovery of a single ripened head. Yet the celandine contrives to increase and multiply, and that by a process which not only emphasizes the difficulty already started, but seems to strike a blow at the very root of the whole insect theory.

The main principle on which the need of insect agency is supposed to rest is the necessity for *cross-fertilization*. The ovules of a plant, it is said, should for full development be impregnated by pollen from another plant of the same species, and insects afford the surest means of securing this. Now, without doubt, cross-fertilization is often highly advantageous. But is it universally, or quasi-universally, necessary? To judge by the utterances of some men of science, we should suppose so. "Nature," says Mr. Darwin, "abhors perpetual self-fertilization."<sup>13</sup> "I will not enter," says Sir J. Lubbock,<sup>14</sup> "into the large question why cross-fertilization should be an advantage, but that it is so has been clearly proved." And the whole gist of the literature on this side of the question is summed up by Dr. Asa Gray<sup>15</sup> in the proposition "that all the various adaptations of flowers to insects are in view of intercrossing." It is assumed, in fact, that by a timely deference to nature's "abhorrence," those plants which have secured cross-fertilization have produced a vigorous progeny which has stamped out the effete rivals which failed to avoid a contradiction of the fundamental law. "No continuously self-fertilized species would continue to exist" is an aphorism of the school. But the celandine is a vigorous growth, making fields yellow with its useless cups, and with no mark of approaching extinction upon it. And how, failing its blossoms, does it contrive to propagate? Simply thus. In the axils of its leaves there form little proliferous bulbs, which in due season dropping off, become the parents of new plants. This is the very contrary of crossing. For a cross, such as is postulated, two distinct plants should contribute to produce a new one, and here there is not the contribution even of two distinct organs. And this is by no means a solitary case: propagation on the same principle is adopted by very large classes of plants. Sometimes it is by runners rooting at the joints (of which the strawberry affords a familiar instance), sometimes by suckers, sometimes by buds, or by slips and shoots.

<sup>13</sup> Quoted by Asa Gray, l. c. p. 600.

<sup>14</sup> *Flowers and Insects*, p. 6.

<sup>15</sup> *Ibid.* p. 600.

And such plants are propagated in endless abundance. It has, for example, been said that all the weeping-willows in the world have probably been produced by slips from one common ancestor, for the willow is *diocious* (bearing stamens and pistils on different trees), and there is no staminate weeping willow known, and consequently the tree never fruits; while, as is well known, all our cultivated apples are propagated by grafting, each variety carrying on through all its members the life of one individual ancestor. Some of these varieties (for instance, the Herefordshire "red streak" and "fox whelp") are known to have existed for nearly three centuries. Indeed, so far from being unduly handicapped in the race by their utter neglect of the fundamental law, these self-propagating plants are precisely the most rampant and aggressive of all, and the most difficult to get rid of.

For instance, the creeping buttercup<sup>16</sup> is designated "a troublesome weed" *because* it increases by creeping roots or *scions*, which take root wherever a leaf is produced. The colts-foot<sup>17</sup> is almost ineradicable, *because* any fragment of its long and brittle roots serves to produce a new plant, and a variety of the lady's smock<sup>18</sup> merits the designation "remarkably prolific" *because*, while its flowers become incapable of fertilization, owing to doubling, the leaflets as they come to the ground produce fresh plants.

There seem therefore to be facts, on the very threshold of the inquiry, which may at least justify us in pausing before we accept the doctrine which is so unhesitatingly enunciated.

But the most interesting portion of my task will consist in an examination of the case made out by the advocates for the insects. Before undertaking such examination of some facts of this case, which will raise some new points as well as some of those already noticed, it will be well to state precisely once again what is my contention. I do not at all wish to deny that insects are of service to flowers, nor, this being so, that there are many "arrangements" on both sides to secure that the service be effectually rendered. But given a fact, many modern writers are far too prone to found on it an hypothesis which depends far more on an *a priori* conception of the fitness of things than on the fact with which it is thought to square. The hypothesis once stated is then far too often itself treated as a fact, and it is sought to make out a case for it by quoting other facts which

<sup>16</sup> *Ranunculus repens*.

<sup>17</sup> *Tussilago farfara*.

<sup>18</sup> *Cardamine pratensis*.



seem to bear it out. The making out of such a case is not difficult, and is apt, quite unintentionally, to become a mere piece of special-pleading. It is very easy to collect all the instances that tell one way, and to forget those which tell the other way: it is easy for a man who has too hastily assumed the truth of his hypothesis to see all facts through its medium, and to make them mean something which on more critical examination would be seen not to be their meaning. It seems to me that a conspicuous example of such a process is afforded here, when from the undoubted usefulness of insects to some flowers it has been inferred that all flowers have been entirely modified by insects in all those respects which bring them into connexion. It seems also that even so earnest and so painstaking an investigator as Sir J. Lubbock has not escaped the danger above indicated, and has in many instances seen his facts with predetermined eyes.

In his work, *British Wild Flowers in their Relation to Insects*,<sup>19</sup> from which I have already quoted the general conclusion which he seeks to draw, he runs through the whole British flora, and endeavours in the case of each family to establish the truth of his hypothesis. It seems truer to say that we need go no further than his book to find convincing proof that insects can *not* do all that is claimed for them. It is not easy to arrange in very logical order the points which arise from the examination of many separate examples. Having indicated my general drift, I shall consider it enough to arrange my strictures very much in the order which his work suggests.

He tells us,<sup>20</sup> with regard to *anemophilous*, or wind-fertilized flowers, "it is an advantage to these plants to flower before the leaves are out, because the latter would greatly interfere with the access of the pollen to the female flower." Now it is true that hazels, poplars, and the like flower before the leaves appear, and that they are wind-fertilized; but no less so do the wild cherry and other *entomophilous*, or insect-fertilized, trees. Again, the large class of the *coniferae*, the fir tribe, are *evergreen*, with one exception—the larch. The larch is also the one which is not wind-fertilized. In the case of all the others—Scotch fir, yew, &c., the flowers cannot possibly appear before the foliage.

"Again," says Sir John, "in such (wind-fertilized) flowers the filaments of the stamens are generally long;" but again, I

<sup>19</sup> *Nature Series*. Macmillan and Co.

<sup>20</sup> *Ibid.* p. 8.

would remark, in the Scotch fir and the yew there are no filaments at all.

On the following page some woodcuts are given to show how the stigma<sup>21</sup> in wind-fertilized flowers is more branched and hairy than in those fertilized by insects. No doubt, it is obvious that such an arrangement is but natural and to be expected; but it is dangerous to deduce general rules from particular facts, and if the examples were somewhat differently selected, the conclusion would not be so clear. If, for example, the apple or the water-plantain<sup>22</sup> were chosen to represent the entomophilous, and the ash the anemophilous plants, it might seem that the rule was reversed.

But these are minor matters, and are valuable only as showing how easy and how unsafe it is to generalize. To come now to the main point at issue, which resolves itself into two questions. (1) How far does it appear proved that the sole function of colour in flowers is to attract insects? (2) How far, that the service of insects is the main advantage to plants in the struggle for existence?

As to the first question, Sir J. Lubbock implies<sup>23</sup> that even in the case of two species of the same genus, the larger or more showy flower will attract the more numerous insects. But how does the theory so implied agree with the fact that many of the most insect-frequented flowers are the least conspicuous? Mignonette, for example: it is hard to conceive a flower offering less in the way of show, and certainly none is a greater favourite with bees. Again, many people of intelligence might be in the habit of seeing trees all their lives, and yet never advert to the fact that the sycamore and the lime trees bear flowers at all—so unobtrusive are they. Yet these flowers are prime favourites with bees. If it is said that the size of the trees renders coloration unnecessary, how, I would ask, can such a position be maintained? Amid so many other trees which produce no honey, surely a guiding mark ought to be as essential as in the case of blossoms in a field. How, again, account for the fact that so many large trees do produce conspicuous flowers—for example, the horse-chestnut and the hawthorn? Again, though it be true that the lime and the

<sup>21</sup> The summit of the pistil on which pollen from the stamens has to be deposited for fertilization.

<sup>22</sup> *Alisma*.

<sup>23</sup> P. 41.

mignonette bear sweet-smelling flowers, yet the sycamore, whose flowers are the least conspicuous, is without scent, while the lily, for example, and the violet, are both showy and odorous.

Moreover, as there are colourless flowers that attract insects, so there are brilliant flowers which contain no honey. An instance has been already quoted, namely, the poppy; which, however, we are told insects visit for the sake of the pollen. But how, in such a case, can their visits produce *cross* fertilization? Either in such a flower the stamen and the pistil mature simultaneously, or they do not. If simultaneously, the flower can fertilize itself, and an insect visiting it is as likely to dust the stigma with pollen from its own stamens as with that from others. If, on the other hand, the stamens are mature when the pistil is closed, insects will visit the flowers (seeking the pollen of the stamens) only when the pistil is incapable of fertilization.

But Sir J. Lubbock tells us that in some such instances the colours serve as a sort of *ignis fatuus* to lure insects on a bootless errand. Thus, of the St. John's Worts<sup>24</sup> he says: "They secrete no honey, but are frequently visited by insects, partly for the sake of the pollen, partly, perhaps, *in a vain search for honey.*" And of the Restharrow, "*Ononis* (Restharrow) does not secrete honey, . . . it is exclusively fertilized by bees, and H. Müller has repeatedly seen male bees visiting this species *in a vain search for honey.*"<sup>25</sup>

Now on development principles this should not be. Not only have flowers been so modified as to get the best service from bees, but bees have in their turn been made fit to drive the best possible bargain with flowers. "If flowers," says Sir J. Lubbock,<sup>26</sup> "have been modified with reference to the visits of insects, insects also have in some cases been gradually modified, so as to profit by their visits to flowers. This is specially the case with reference to bees and butterflies." And Mr. Grant Allen<sup>27</sup> lays down that "the eyes of the bees are so developed" as to be attracted by the colour which flowers display. But if they are so developed, it surely should follow that they have by this time come to know the colours which signify "no honey" as well as those which give token of much. The *ononis*, for example, is a flower of very peculiar hue, one that can be distinguished by a human eye at a considerable distance. Bees

<sup>24</sup> *Hypericum*, p. 69.

<sup>25</sup> *Ononis*, p. 84.

<sup>26</sup> P. 12.

<sup>27</sup> *Vignettes from Nature*, p. 86.

should have by this time learnt that this particular colour means "Honey-seekers, apply elsewhere!"

But not satisfied with the general assertion that colour serves only to advertise and attract, Sir John Lubbock goes to declare that the actual disposition of the colours is obviously regulated by the same conditions: "the very arrangement of the colours, the circular bands and radiating lines . . . are all arranged with reference to the visits of insects." In other words, we are asked to believe that the varieties of colour are always and only nature's finger-posts indicating to the visitor where is the store of which he is in quest.

But how can such an explanation meet the case of colours on the *outside* of a flower? And many flowers are painted on the back of their petals as well as on the face, while some, as the apple-blossom, are painted on the back and *not* on the front. Mr. Grant Allen gets out of this last difficulty by quietly remarking that the colour has not yet developed to the other side.<sup>28</sup> But if it is useless where it is, how does it survive to develope at all?

Again, the same author points out that it is *irregular* flowers which are variegated,<sup>29</sup> while regular forms are (in the case, at least, of wild flowers) almost always of uniform hue. But if honey-clues were necessary in the case of any flowers, it would be precisely in these latter, and not in the former. The difference between a regular and an irregular blossom is that between a saucer and a cream-jug. In the first there might be some possible difficulty in finding a patch of honey, but in the latter the shape tells the story; it must be at the bottom. As Sir J. Lubbock himself says,<sup>30</sup> "The advantage of the irregularity (of shape) is that it compels the insects to visit the nectary in one particular manner." An insect which does not know that it has to crawl down a foxglove-bell to get what it wants is hardly likely to be conducted to it by an observation of the faint and irregular spots which are scattered beneath its feet. It should be noted, too, that in some flowers (as in the pinks) the colour-bands run transversely to the course of a honey-seeker, and so can do nothing in the way of guidance, while in others, as in milkwort,<sup>31</sup> where the sepals are the conspicuous part, and are quite as clearly veined as the petals of a geranium, a pursuit of the colour indications would lead to the place where the honey is *not*.

<sup>28</sup> *Colours of Flowers*, p. 25.

<sup>29</sup> P. 61.

<sup>30</sup> P. 80.

<sup>31</sup> *Polygala*.

With regard to these honey-clues, has the experiment ever been tried of painting false ones on a flower? If so, has any insect ever been misled? If not, does any observer conceive that there would be the smallest hope of misleading it? For it must ever be remembered that insects show in the plainest manner that they are dependent on no such adventitious guidance. In many cases (as, for example, columbine, tufted-vetch, and oxlip),<sup>32</sup> bees find it most convenient to get at the honey by biting a hole through the corolla from the outside, without troubling themselves to thrust their trunks down the tube. Now, if they can thus tell the position of the store when an opaque veil intervenes, what possible reason is there for supposing they need the guidance of spots and lines when advancing down a tube?

So much for the idea that the colours of flowers are designed solely for the allurements and guidance of insects. Next, how far does their service, even when secured, appear to be the great benefit which it is assumed to be? Here, again, I limit myself to facts for which Sir J. Lubbock speaks.

In the first place, the great order of the cruciferae, a remarkably vigorous and thriving order of plants, is thus described by him:<sup>33</sup> "But although the colour, honey, and scent of the cruciferae have evident reference to the visits of insects, this order does not offer so many special and specific adaptations as we shall meet with in other groups; and the majority of species, at any rate, appear to have retained the power of self-fertilization;" whence it appears that the retention of such power is, after all, no great hindrance in the struggle for life.

Again, the lime-tree, as I have said, is a prime favourite with bees. Yet what is the result? Sir J. Lubbock<sup>34</sup> again tells us: "The visits of insects are numerous, and yet in this country the lime seldom produces ripe seed." What argument do we therefore find to warrant us in declaring that the only object of all its pomp of blossom is to attract visitors which benefit it nothing?

Finally, not to multiply instances, I take the case of the violet. This produces two kinds of flowers. One, in spring, the well-known odoriferous and handsome blossom which is visited by bees, the other in late summer, minute, inconspicuous, with neither scent nor show, and unvisited by insects. Yet it is the latter kind and not the former which produces the bulk of seed;

<sup>32</sup> *Aquilegia*, *Vicia crana*, and *Primula elatior*.      <sup>33</sup> P. 58.      <sup>34</sup> P. 71.

"in fact," says Sir J. Lubbock, "the pansy is the only one of our English species (out of five) in which the showy flowers generally produce seed." The fact speaks for itself. Sir John can only suggest that the showy flowers are useful "in securing an occasional cross."

Such theoretical suggestions are one thing: the laying down of a dogmatic proposition, like that quoted at starting, is quite another, and enough has, I think, been by this time said to show that the facts in our possession do not by any means warrant such dogmatism.

If this be so, and if even so careful and observant an author has allowed himself to be hurried too fast by the exigencies of theory, it is scarcely necessary to dwell on the more extreme views of less scientific writers. Mr. Grant Allen, for instance, draws out a chromatic scale of the likings of bees. Their favourite colour, he tells us<sup>35</sup> is blue. "Blue flowers are, as a rule, specialized for fertilization by bees, and bees therefore prefer this colour; while conversely the flowers have at the same time become blue because that was the colour which the bees prefer." This, if it means anything, means that blue flowers contain more honey than others; otherwise the bees would be credited with a taste in colours for their own sake, which would at once destroy the utilitarian theory and bring the colouration question back to the ground of æstheticism. Can it then be said that blue flowers are pre-eminently honey-bearing? It would be hard to know what blue flowers could be meant. In a rolling sea of blue hyacinths we shall not find as many bees at work as in the inconspicuous green tassels of the sycamore overhead; while the heather and mignonette will certainly compare not unfavourably with the speedwell and harebell, and even with the sage and other labiates, "perhaps the most specialized of any flowers so far as regards insect fertilization."<sup>36</sup>

In view of these instances, therefore, and of many others such as these, I maintain that the insect theory is, to say the

<sup>35</sup> *Colours of Flowers*, p. 19.

<sup>36</sup> It is remarkable to what lengths the imperious demands of theory will go, and how far one theory will prove inconvenient to another. In his essay on the colour of flowers, wherein he traces the process of development according to this indication alone, or at any rate chiefly, Mr. Allen comes to the conclusion (p. 32) that the *Ranunculaceæ*, or buttercup family, are the most primitive of all dicotyledons and "perhaps best of all, preserve for us the original features of the early dicotyledonous flowers." Yet it is precisely the *Ranunculaceæ* which botanists who judge by structure have unanimously set down as the most developed of all dicotyledons, that is as the furthest removed from monocotyledons.

least, not proven. Yet this theory it is now fashionable to assume as though it were demonstrated. And if we turn to some considerations of a more general nature, its position will certainly not be improved.

In the first place, even supposing, for the sake of argument, that all development in flowers of colour and form and nectaries has been produced by the agency of insects, yet for development we need the thing to be developed: and whence came that? Granted that the bees painted the flowers, who supplied the paints? A pink blush, it is said, appearing on the petal of a rose made it more attractive than it was when pure white, and so the pink blush was gradually developed to crimson. But whence the pink blush? The bees did not make *that*. And whence its power of developing to crimson? All the bees in the world could not develop an agate into a ruby. And therefore there must be something for which they are not responsible, and that something the most important of all. As Dr. Asa Gray well says,<sup>37</sup> "The origination is the essential thing. . . . To be a scientific explanation (the theory) should show, or enable us to conceive, how insect-visitation operates or in any way tends to develop colours, and originate apparatus. . . . Thus far it does not appear how the visits of bees to a blossom can make one hair white or black. For all that yet appears, we may be indebted to bees for the beauty of our gardens and the sweetness of our fields, much as we are indebted to the postman for our letters. Correspondence would flag and fail without him; but the instrument is not the author of the correspondence."

It seems obvious, then, that if flowers have been developed by bees, it is because it was their nature to be so developed: and that nature was theirs before the bees came. What development there has been must have been along lines already laid down when the flowers were made. The beauty which has resulted cannot be attributed to the labourers who educed it, unless we are prepared to credit the masons and carpenters with the artistic merit of a cathedral.

Another question which suggests itself refers to the doctrine of development itself upon which the whole argument depends. With regard to that doctrine, I must for my own part say that in the observation of facts within reach I meet with more, apparently insoluble difficulties than with fragments of proof.

<sup>37</sup> *Contemporary Review*, *ut supra*, p. 606.



It is generally assumed that the alternative to the development theory, the supposition, namely, that all members of one species are descended from one common ancestor originally created in that form, is too violent to be entertained, and that on development principles the difficulty disappears. But, I would ask, must not developists suppose that all these individuals are descended from one common ancestor originally *developed* to this form? Otherwise, if there have been independent developments, how account for the marvellous identity of results? How, at least without allowing the reality of an energetic law which would put accident out of the question? Take, for example, so familiar a weed as the common dandelion.<sup>38</sup> This is a composite flower, and as such must have been much developed. Its individuals, as in the case of all species, agree one with another in a number of most delicate particulars, as all may see by reading the description I append.<sup>39</sup> Is it to be said that all the dandelions now growing are descended from one original that had chanced into the present form? If so, the difficulty is practically as great as under the non-development supposition. If not,—if different lines of individuals have all developed into agreement in all these particulars, the difficulty seems much greater: and greatest of all on the insect theory. The dandelion has an enormous geographical range: it is found in the Arctic regions, in all north temperate regions, and, moreover, in the temperate regions of the southern hemisphere. The insect visitors in Greenland, in China, in Italy, and in Patagonia can hardly be alike; how, then, is there such complete, I will not say similarity, but identity of result? How indeed, except by allowing that the insects were, at the very most, but instruments, and that the dandelion, as we see it, was designed from the beginning?

Another remarkable point in the same connexion is, that flowers nearly allied often differ very much in some one particular. Thus Sir J. Lubbock tells us,<sup>40</sup> with regard to two equally common species of mallow: "In *malva sylvestris*, where

<sup>38</sup> *Taraxacum officinale*.

<sup>39</sup> *Taraxacum officinale*. "Glabrous or cottony at the crown and involucre. Root, long, stout, black. Leaves, oblong-obovate or spatulate, lobes usually toothed. Scapes, one or more ascending or erect. Head  $\frac{1}{2}$ –2 in. broad, bud erect; involucre campanulate, outer bracts more or less recurved, inner erect. Corollas, bright yellow, outer florets often brown on the back. Fruit, brown with a beak of equal length" (Sir J. Hooker, *Student's Flora*, p. 215).

<sup>40</sup> P. 41.

the branches of the stigma are so arranged that the plant cannot fertilize itself, the petals are large and conspicuous, so that the plant is visited by numerous insects; while in *malva rotundifolia*, the flowers of which are comparatively small<sup>41</sup> and rarely visited by insects, the branches of the stigma are elongated and twine themselves among the stamens, so that the flower can hardly fail to fertilize itself."

Here, then, are two species which have both contrived to develop into mallowhood, which are constructed so exactly alike that in any systematic catalogue they must stand side by side, and yet which differ in the one particular which we are told rules all development. Insects have worked for generations at the one, and have done nothing for the other, and yet they have both arrived at the same point, and both agree exactly in their complex generic peculiarities.<sup>42</sup> And here again it is not in one or two individuals that this strange diversity and stranger agreement are found. These two mallows are each distributed over Europe, North Africa, Siberia, and Western Asia, even as far as India. Such development in all the varying circumstances of this area would certainly seem to be beset by unsurmountable difficulties.

It seems, then, that our knowledge of the mystery of flower life is still far from sufficient to justify us in undertaking to explain the secrets of their inner history, and that the explanation which we have seen offered is insufficient. As already said, nothing is so dangerous as to champion theories when they are but theories, and to allow our natural sympathy for the offspring of our own brain to mislead us as to facts. That our knowledge on the subject of flowers is insufficient, Sir John Lubbock appears in one passage frankly to avow. He says:<sup>43</sup>

<sup>41</sup> The requirements of theory here appear to influence the significance attached to facts. The flowers of *M. rotundifolia* ( $\frac{3}{4}$  - 1 inches diam.) are, it is true, somewhat smaller than those of *M. sylvestris* (1 - 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  in.), but none the less they are showy and handsome flowers, more conspicuous than very many which appeal to insects. Even *Geranium sylvaticum*, which is quoted as a prime instance of an entomophilous flower, is only  $\frac{1}{2}$  -  $\frac{3}{4}$  in., and it is far more conspicuous than most wild flowers. It is also worthy of note that the two mallows, one insect fertilized, the other self-fertilized, are "nearly equally common."

<sup>42</sup> How complex these are may be judged from Sir J. Hooker's description of the genus: "Leaves, angled, lobed or cut. Flowers axillary. Calyx 5-fid, 3-bracteolate. Staminal column long, filaments free at its top; anthers reniform, 2-celled in bud, 2-valved dehiscing along the convex side; pollen globose, hispid. Ovary many-celled; styles stigmatose on the inner surface. Fruit a whorl of indehiscent 1-celled carpels, separating from a short conical axis. Seed ascending, albumen scanty mucilaginous" (*Student's Flora*, p. 71).

<sup>43</sup> P. 98.

"Our knowledge of the subject is as yet in its infancy. . . . Most elementary treatises, unfortunately, though perhaps unavoidably, give the impression that our knowledge is far more complete and exact than really is the case. . . . Few, I believe, of those who are not specially devoted to zoology and botany have any idea how much still remains to be ascertained with reference to even the commonest and most abundant species."

But although incomplete and insufficient for full explanation, the knowledge gained through observation may well suffice to point in one direction, and I shall be much surprised if, on calm consideration, that direction is found to be the blind and fortuitous work of unreasoning agents. As Sir John, in yet another passage, parenthetically remarks,<sup>44</sup> "It is difficult to account for the relation which exists between flowers and insects by the hypothesis of a mere blind instinct on the part of the latter."

J. G.

<sup>44</sup> P. 19.

### *Some Natural Advantages of True Belief.*

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I THINK I am stating a fact which Protestants as well as Catholics will allow to be true, when I lay it down as a general, if not an universal rule, that the world at large expects a higher standard from Catholics than from the members of any other religion upon the face of the earth. Explain it as you will, the fact is undeniable that ordinary intelligent, educated men of the world look for a greater devotion to religion and a superior tone of morality in those who acknowledge the supremacy of St. Peter's See than in Anglican, Wesleyan, Congregationalist, Jew, Turk, or Infidel. I have heard a thoughtful, intellectual Protestant confess that he regarded the Catholic Church as superior to all else in the rule of life it prescribes, though he was not willing to concede the claim of authority which it asserts. I have again and again heard expressions of surprise from the mouths of those outside the Church on account of the ill-doing of some professing Catholic, when I am quite certain that they would have taken his actions quite as a matter of course if he had professed any other form of religion. In the priesthood above all men look for something more than ordinary holiness; they scrutinize every word, watch every action of priests, not in any unkind or carping spirit, but simply because they somehow instinctively demand of them that they should be more charitable, temperate, self-denying than the ministers of any other creed.

What is the cause of this? It cannot be any "natural selection" which places the men of superior morality in the ranks of the Church and her clergy; still less can it be chance. There must be some deeply-rooted conviction of a scarce acknowledged cause which produces the acknowledged result. If, given the same materials, or often materials naturally inferior, a better article is on the average turned out; if the world is surprised when the article produced is misshapen, or crooked, or otherwise disfigured, there must be some persuasion on the part

of thinking men that the manufactory which produces these superior articles can confer certain advantages that other manufactories cannot; that it has means at its disposal which, with similar workmen and similar materials to begin with, can finish off its wares as no other manufactory can; can turn out its average wares of a better quality, and in its best specimens cannot be even approached by any of its rivals.

In addition to this higher moral and religious standard expected of Catholics, men also expect a higher intellectual standard. This is the more surprising because all the world knows the intellectual disadvantages under which Catholics labour in England. The loss of university training is intellectually irreparable; the traditions of persecuting times have deadened intellectual interests. Catholics have been bereft of the stimulus of public school competition for scholarships and prizes, and though they in the present day meet with every consideration and have access to all the means of cultivation where religious objections do not of necessity banish them, yet long years must pass before they can run a perfectly fair and even race. Yet in spite of this the Catholic, and especially the Catholic priest, is expected to be armed *cap-à-pie* against all comers, and to be able to hold his own against all assailants on the prominent topics of the day, on evolution, the inspiration of Scripture, the credibility of miracles, questions of Church history and ecclesiastical law, on the constitution of bodies, the nature of the soul, the future punishment of the wicked, the moral character of the Popes. On matters of logic, ethics, and natural theology, a definite opinion is looked for, and a reasonable defence of that opinion; and it must be confessed that men will accept his statements, even his dogmatic statements, with a readiness which is surprising, and attribute to them a weight they do not always deserve. Why else is this, but that in their secret souls they half unconsciously allow to the Catholic Church an intellectual superiority to which the pigmies around her have no pretence or claim; or, if I may state the case plainly, that they believe her to have laid up in her storehouse a treasure of dogmatic truth which cannot be produced from any other source?

In my last article I treated the negative side of this superiority of Catholic belief over false belief. I tried to show that those even who are in good faith are at a necessary disadvantage by reason of their exclusion from the visible Church, and how to

fall away from Truth even inculpably is to forfeit unspeakable benefits which are Truth's sole promise. I now propose to turn to the positive aspect of the matter, and to mark down one or two of the most striking benefits to which the possession of Truth gives a claim, whether in the natural or supernatural order.

And first of all I will take what I believe to be the foundation of intellectual vantage-ground which Protestants unconsciously seem to concede to the Catholic theologian or disputant. I do not say that they would themselves allow it, or that they even in thought suspect with any but the most dim and distant suspicion that he occupies the citadel which commands their unstable defences. Few men realize one half of what they in practice admit; no man at all holds explicitly a hundredth part of what he implicitly acknowledges. They hold premisses, but are not in possession of the conclusion, except in so far as the acceptance of the premisses virtually entails the acceptance of the conclusion. Hence it is that most men (perhaps especially Englishmen) are so inconsistent. Englishmen sometimes even pride themselves on being illogical. Their somewhat slow and sluggish intellect finds a sort of suicidal pleasure in refusing to bring face to face their various accepted opinions, fearing that the discovered contradiction between them may be so flagrant that even they must relinquish one or the other, unless they fly to that broken reed of intellectual obstinacy which asserts that it is not fair that logic should override common sense. So the average Englishman, while he fully believes that the Catholic accepts many doctrines childish, superstitious, destitute of sufficient foundation, nay, even God-dishonouring and blasphemous, yet at the same time concedes to his opponent a mysterious, almost a magical consistency of belief, and not only consistency (for he would tell you that a false hypothesis may be consistent) but a firmness and solidity of belief which he feels that he does not himself possess. Hence his whole process of argument seems to show, not that any other form of belief is true, but that Catholicity has weak points, which justify him in rejecting it. He plays round it and assails it, first from one side then from another, as if seeking for at least one vulnerable point in its armour, and discharges his weapons, now here, now there, with the hope that out of a thousand shots at a venture one must by the very law of chances pierce the coat of mail, and so destroy the enemy that he in spite of

himself respects and dreads. At one time it is the condemnation of Galileo, at another the anathemas levelled at Pope Honorius, at another the intrinsic impossibility of Transubstantiation, at another the "blasphemous" doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, at another the idolatry of image worship, at another the dishonour done to God by Mariolatry. Manifold and varied are the weapons he discharges when he fancies he desires a crack, or a rent, or a seam, in the intellectual or moral armour of the Church; or, if I may be allowed a bold metaphor, just as the vulnerable heel was left by which his mother held Achilles when she dipped him in the wound-averting river, so the assailant of the Church fancies some weak point must remain in the Spouse of Christ when He dipped her in His own life-giving Blood. One such weak point, and the victory would be his. He knows that one contradiction in Catholic teaching, one *ex cathedra* Papal decision directly opposed to another, one dogma inconsistent with reason, clearly and plainly established, and the castle of Rome would fall to the ground and crumble into dust. In this way he pays the highest possible compliment to the Church. He recognizes her position as claiming to be the Teacher of the absolute and perfect Truth.

This it is which is the root, the basis, the foundation of the Church's power, of her dominion, of her attractiveness to men of goodwill, of the hatred felt towards her by those who shun the light and hate the truth. As her Divine Founder proclaimed to Pilate, so she proclaims aloud to all the world, "For this cause was I born, and for this end have I come into the world, that I should bear testimony to the Truth. He that is of the Truth hears My voice." And as man is born for God, he is also born for truth. He cannot help himself; he gravitates towards Truth; in Truth is freedom, and he loves to be free; in Truth is joy and peace, and joy and peace are man's greatest treasure. Truth gives a consciousness of power. Truth brings man's best energies into active exercise. Truth is the harbour of the storm tost, the pearl of great price, the key of heaven, the light of the soul, God manifesting Himself to man. How can we be surprised if the Catholic Church, in virtue of her possession of Truth, has a superiority over all her rivals, which, apart from all else, and on purely natural grounds, ensures her final victory. In the end Truth *must* prevail against falsehood. Truth may be hated, insulted, mocked, spit upon,



crucified between two thieves, and buried in the tomb, but, nevertheless It must, from the very force of its inherent Divinity, rise again victorious, crush its foes beneath its feet, and rule supreme as King of Kings and Lord of Lords. The Church may be robbed, persecuted, trampled upon, but the Truth which is always with her, even to the consummation of the world, which was taught her by the Spirit which dwells in, must bring her out a conqueror and more than a conqueror over all her enemies.

This Divine gift of Truth she imparts to each of her children. They too possess, not actually and explicitly, but virtually and implicitly, the perfect Truth. The individual Catholic may be ill-instructed, he may even ignorantly believe to be true much that is false, he may hold and assert doctrines which are inconsistent and self-contradictory, but in virtue of his loyal allegiance to the Church he shares her possession of the infallible Truth. If he is wrong, he at the same time holds his false opinion with the implied proviso that it does not contradict any portion of the Church's teaching; if he ignorantly disputes any of her dogmas, he has only to recognize that it *is* one of her dogmas, to throw aside his preconceived opinions and joyfully accept the Truth from her. He has always the stronghold of Truth to fall back upon, and as he comes out of the contest vigorous and strong by reason of her teaching, so if in his human frailty he is driven in on his reserves, he knows he is always safe as soon as he takes refuge in her sacred portals. This it is which gives to the Catholic theologian and philosopher such a calm feeling of happy repose. The mind of man is made for truth, and when truth comes before it, it recognizes it, loves it, finds repose in it, basks in it, revels in it, and like children in the presence of a loving mother, runs innocent riot in the peaceful consciousness of its ready protection. As the feeble swimmer who fears that at any moment his powers may fail, is troubled and afraid as long as he cleaves his anxious way through the deep waters, but gambols and splashes merrily when he knows that at any moment his feet can rest on the ground beneath, so the intellect of man, even the most powerful of intellects, cannot fail to entertain a secret misgiving as long as it must trust to its unaided powers, but strikes out boldly under the happy consciousness of the solid footing of Truth being ready at hand for his failing powers. In matters intellectual as in every other circumstance of life, the man who is true to human nature rejoices in his dependence, is strengthened

by it, feels security in it, runs on his way with more calm step and surer tread because he wears the easy yoke of Truth and carries her light burden.

A necessary consequence of this possession of Truth is the perfect reasonableness of the Catholic Church. We can never sufficiently insist on this as a never-failing test of Truth, as a Divine prerogative that error can never filch away. The Church does not and cannot enjoin upon her children anything contrary to reason; nay, more than this, she does not and cannot enjoin upon her children anything which is not approved by reason, and which cannot directly or indirectly be proved by reason to be true. It is too common a mistake among Catholics (and a very fatal one it is) to suppose that loyalty to the Church compels us to accept even that which goes against reason; that she may require us to swallow a contradiction, and that we must obey in blind obedience. She may indeed, and she does, require of us that we accept many things that are above reason, but nothing that is against reason. She does require us to accept dogmas which we in our ignorance cannot grasp or comprehend, but never one of which we can rightly and reasonably say that it is inconsistent with any other dogma which we know to be true; she does require of us to believe her teaching when it contradicts the evidence of our senses, as in the Blessed Eucharist, but never does she teach that which contradicts the dictates of reason. One such case (if it were possible), and the Church would cease to be a Teacher of Truth, and would be a teacher of lies. In a word she teaches mysteries often, contradictions never.

It has sometimes occurred to me, that it is a sufficient proof of the Divinity of the Catholic Church, that among all the dogmas she has defined clearly, sharply, and in no ambiguous terms, amid all the definitions she has promulgated, during the eighteen hundred years of her existence, her severest, bitterest enemies have never yet detected one single contradiction or inconsistency. What cunning, what ingenuity, what superhuman acuteness, could ever have escaped during all these centuries the assertion of a single proposition opposed to some other proposition already contained in her teaching? We might understand it if she were satisfied with the "general assent" which Anglican dignitaries regard as a sufficient test of orthodox adherence to the formularies of Anglicanism; we could understand it if there were an oracular obscurity about her dogmas;

but she requires an individual assent to every jot and tittle of decrees which speak with no doubtful voice and leave no room for ingenious evasion or pious interpretation. It seems to me strange that under circumstances such as these, men should attribute her minute consistency to anything except a Divine influence guiding into all truth. Considering what human fallibility is, how could it be possible that the long series of Popes and General Councils should never once contradict each other, never once be at variance with Holy Scripture, never once demand of the intellect of men anything which human reason is unable to accept.

This appeal of the Catholic Church to man's innate perception of Truth is one of the chief motive powers that has drawn so many educated men out of false beliefs into the one true belief. They had some opportunity of testing the intellectual value of the teaching of the Church, and they could not help confessing that she was right and her doctrine was true. It coincided with the judgment they had already formed on other grounds and from a different aspect of the question. They had inquired respecting her teaching on some point of philosophy or theology, and it appealed to their reason as so essentially reasonable. They had set it side by side with the teaching of some other religious body, and the contrast was a very remarkable one. On the one side faltering utterances, uncertain formularies, obscure, foggy, indefinite assertions, often inconsistent statements, and doctrines that could only be reconciled by not only explaining them, but explaining them away. On the other, utterances clear as the day, formularies clear and plain and unmistakeable in their meaning, assertions of dogma sharply cut and definite, about which it was impossible to haggle, and which no man could explain away, do what he will; and all perfectly in unison, no shadow of inconsistency, no jarring note, all fitted together in one harmonious and continuous whole.

Take, for instance, the Catholic as opposed to the Calvinist theory of predestination, or the Catholic doctrine of Transubstantiation as opposed to the Lutheran Consubstantiation, or the Anglican theory of the Presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament (if indeed it can be said to have any theory of its own, except a denial of the Catholic dogma)—take these or a hundred others, Indulgences, Devotion to our Lady, Penance, Invocation of Saints, anything you please, and I do not hesitate to say that any educated man, free from prejudice, will at once

recognize in the Catholic doctrine, if clearly explained to him, something which satisfies his instinctive love of Truth, and will reject all else, even though he may have no sort of leaning to Catholicism, and may be an adherent of some religion or irreligion utterly opposed to the teaching of the Church. Truth, then, intellectual Truth, is the stay, support, basis, and foundation of the Catholic Church; and educated men not a few have been forced by the sheer love of Truth, by the impossibility of committing mental and moral suicide by a wilful rejection of it, to give in their adherence to the Catholic Church. Not that the mere conviction is enough, but *Facientibus quod in se est, Deus non denegat gratiam*—if a man is willing to give up all to become a Catholic, because he knows that Catholicity is the Truth, God will not fail to supply that supernatural impulse which is the complement of and is never denied to the intellectual conviction which recognizes Truth, and to the goodwill which is ready at any cost to give in its submission to it.

But it would be a very serious hardship on the mass of men if the truth of Catholic teaching, and her consequent appeal to the intellect, were her only claim to superiority and the only means of invitation that she puts before them. Another superiority there is in true belief which appeals to all, and founds its appeal on a faculty more universally developed than the intellectual recognition of Truth wherever it be found. In all men, educated or uneducated, of intellect acute or dull, learned or ignorant, of minds logical or perverse, there is a faculty which, for want of a better name, I shall call the faculty of perceiving fitness and proportion in whatever is presented to it. Why is it that we feel almost a sensation of pain if we see a vulgar woman dressed with queenly magnificence, or if we hear in a sermon some familiar expression or too homely anecdote which would be admirably suited for the dinner-table but not at all for the pulpit, or if we see a book badly printed, and containing very inferior matter, bound in some elaborate and expensive binding? Why is it that a pronunciation which passes unnoticed in the garret, makes us shudder when we hear it in the drawing-room? Why is it that a magnificence which we admire in a regal palace, disgusts us in the newly acquired mansion of the parvenu? In each of these cases it is our sense of *fitness* that is shocked. There is a want of moral proportion and harmony in what we witness, and it is this that revolts us. It is this sense

of fitness which is one of the strongholds of the Catholic Church. She never departs by one hair's-breadth from the laws of perfect harmony. She appeals to good taste in her every action, her every movement, her every arrangement. She is never vulgar, awkward, ungainly, ridiculous. It has been said, and I believe with perfect truth, that whatever else Jesus Christ was accused of, no one ever accused Him of being ridiculous. When Herod and his soldiers mocked Him, they had to dress Him up in a fool's garment, and even then there was nothing ridiculous about Him. When He was presented to the people, torn, wounded, bleeding, crowned with thorns, scarce recognizable in His degradation, still there was a quiet dignity about Him that was irresistible. It was the Pharisees who were ridiculous, not their Divine Victim. He ever retained in His every look, gesture, movement, that due proportion and harmony that is the secret of true dignity. He always appeals to our sense of fitness in every word and work, and that is why even sceptics admire Jesus Christ.

This proportion, harmony, dignity, good taste, sense of fitness, the Catholic Church inherits, while all other religious bodies separated from her, have irrevocably forfeited it. An educated Protestant witnessing a High Mass is puzzled by all the motions, genuflections, gestures. He cannot understand them, but somehow they are never ridiculous. But take him to a Ritualist church, show him three honest Anglicans in chasuble and dalmatic, and at once he is inclined to laugh. Or if he directs his attention, not so much to the service, as to the worshippers in a Catholic church, their profound homage and devout adoration are never absurd; they make the sign of the Cross and kiss their little crucifix, they tell their beads or kneel before altar or statue, but nothing of all this is ridiculous. But the gestures of the devout faithful in a Protestant church of advanced tendencies somehow tickle the fancy of the cultivated outsider. There is something incongruous about them, an unaccountable want of consistency. Some years ago I remember a *Daily Telegraph* article on some Ritualistic *Tenebræ*. I do not recollect the words, but the description of the service was most humorous. Every now and then, said the writer, a happy thought seemed to strike a tall young man in cassock and cotta, and he seized an extinguisher and went and put out a candle, and then quietly returned to his place, apparently well satisfied with his exploit. Now I do not believe that even a

purveyor for the *Daily Telegraph* would have described in language so irreverent any part of a Catholic service. The Office of *Tenebræ* has been sung in Catholic churches in England from time immemorial. *Daily Telegraph* and other correspondents have assisted at them, reported their magnificence, given an account of the ceremonies of the Church; but I do not believe that it ever occurred to any of them to view them under a ridiculous aspect, or to speak of them disrespectfully, as did the above-cited writer of the Anglican *Tenebræ*. The reason is that each detail of Catholic ceremonial is in its proper place, and is in harmony with the rest, each an appropriate element in a beauteous whole, and only in that place, and from its relation to the whole, does it call for our admiration. Transplant it elsewhere, and we must not be surprised if men cry out against it and ridicule it. It looks awkward in the uncongenial surroundings, like a rose or lily transplanted from the flower-beds amid the vulgar plants of the kitchen garden.

But it is not merely fitness, consistency, harmony, that men recognize in the Catholic Church; it is not merely as a perfect "system" of discipline and doctrine, worked out in its fulness, with elaborate perseverance and skill. There may be fitness and consistency (though scarcely harmony) in what appears to us unattractive and repulsive. A system compact and well arranged may still be false. In the Catholic system not only is there a perfect proportion between all the parts, but the whole which they compose is intensely, exquisitely, immeasurably beautiful. The beauty of the Catholic Church, its unapproachable, surpassing, Divine beauty, would be sufficient of itself as a ground for our adherence to it. "I saw the New Jerusalem," says he who saw the glories of Paradise while he still sojourned in this land of exile, "the Church and Spouse of Jesus Christ, descend from Heaven like a bride prepared for her husband," decked in the queenlike majesty of one who was espoused to the King of kings, adorned with the Divine Beauty which renders her worthy to be the Bride of the King of Heaven. What St. John saw clearly we see dimly and faintly, nay, every thinking, educated man, who is not pre-occupied with some invincible prejudice, recognizes to some extent, and at least in some particular, this heavenly beauty of the Catholic Church. As one who has obtained by inheritance or conquest some palace of magnificence, delights in the countless scenes of

beauty that present themselves in hall and court and chamber, in the rich tapestry and rare oak carvings and marble pillars; as he gazes with fond and proud satisfaction on the long vista of woodland and avenue and crystal lake and varied forest-land that inclose it, and rejoices in the thought that instead of a barren land and untenable habitation, he is the owner of a royal mansion of unexampled magnificence and lying in a garden of delights—so the discerning Catholic rejoices, delights, almost revels in the beauty of the Catholic Church, her majesty and glory. Whatever else men may say of her, they cannot deny that no moral beauty can be found elsewhere which approaches the moral beauty of her chosen sons and daughters, no patience like the patience of her martyrs, no self-sacrificing charity like the self-sacrificing charity of her saints, no holiness like the holiness of those whom she has raised to her altars. What false belief can put forward heroes of humanity such as are the pride and glory of the Catholic Church? or boast itself of saints and martyrs like her saints and martyrs? Ask any of them to produce their noblest specimens, and there is a consentient voice on the part of the common sense of mankind that they are but a feeble imitation, an almost absurd caricature of those with whom they vainly seek to vie. Where shall we find the wide world over the rivals of those majestic figures that have forced themselves by their intrinsic beauty on the reluctant appreciative recognition of those who hate the Church which is their mother? I am not speaking of their supernatural, but of their natural beauty, of what the world can appreciate, not of that which is to it a sealed book, and I ask where else can be found their generosity, gentleness, purity, magnanimity, courage, self-sacrifice, patience? You cannot attribute it to their personal characters, because it is found in proportion to, and only in conjunction with their devotion to the mother from whose chaste breasts they have sucked the milk of their astounding and superhuman virtues. They are, they must be allowed even by their bitterest adversaries to be, the moral aristocracy of the world, the giants by whose side all else are ugly dwarfs—the characters of ideal beauty of which none but the humblest and faintest copies were ever fashioned elsewhere but in the Church's holy precincts? What other religion has ever produced men like St. Paul, and St. John the Divine, and the golden-tongued St. John Chrysostom, and St. Louis of France, and St. Francis of Assisi, and St. Ignatius



of Loyola, and St. Francis Xavier, and St. Vincent de Paul, and St. Agnes, and St. Theresa, and ten thousand more who owe their godlike beauty and their heroic virtues, and their place in the history of the world, to that Catholic Church who was their mother and their nurse, who had borne them and reared them and trained them to their exalted virtue, whose devoted servants it was their boast to be, and from whom they derived their power to move the world and leave their impress on all after-time?

Whence arises this truth, consistency, harmony, beauty of the Catholic Church? The answer to this question reveals the last advantage which I shall speak of in the present paper as the exclusive property of true belief. It is because the Catholic Church, and it alone, places man in his proper relation to his Creator. Now if there is a Creator and we are His creatures, if we live and move and have our being in Him, if He is our King, our Lawgiver, our Master, our only Benefactor, our Friend, if we belong to Him and not to ourselves, if we depend on Him for every good gift and every perfect gift, if to serve Him is to reign, and to disobey Him is to be a miserable slave, if He is our first beginning and our last end, if our success in life and our happiness to all eternity depends simply and solely on our recognizing in practice our due relation to Him, if our glory in Heaven or our misery in Hell will be exactly in proportion to our willing submission to Him and voluntary acknowledgment of His Divine sovereignty, if the one thing necessary is to sit at His feet and hear His word with humility and obedience—if all this is true, what greater benefit can we receive from any teacher or guide than the unspeakable, inconceivable advantage of being taught by every possible means to submit to Him, to acquiesce in and to love dependence on Him, to place ourselves in humble subjection beneath His footstool? Now this it is which is from first to last the spirit which breathes in the Catholic Church, in her ritual, in her dogmas, in her practical rule of life, in the precepts she imposes and the counsel that she inculcates. From first to last, her Divine harmony is tuned to the single note of submission. And as in the nature of God all perfections are present in each, and all are infinite, and yet they are all but one Infinite Perfection, in which no variety or multiplicity is to be found, so the Catholic Church, amid the infinite variety of the virtues that she inculcates, teaches one virtue, and one virtue only, the virtue of

submission, of obedience, of humility, of subjection, of dependence—call it what you will—since all of these are but different names for that practical recognition of our relation to our Creator which is the secret of holiness, the key of Heaven, the ladder by which the saints have ever climbed to their lofty thrones in the Paradise of God.

This lesson of perfect submission is perhaps more incontestably and confessedly her peculiar and exclusive appanage than anything else. Those outside the Church envy and seek to copy all else within her. They seek to imitate the beauty of her ritual, the virtues of her children. They would fain possess themselves of her wonder-working power, of her apostolic zeal, of her indefectibility, of her influence over the hearts of men. But they all of them repel and reject her lesson of submission, of dependence. This it is, and this alone, which holds back hundreds and thousands from uniting themselves to the See of Rome. It is not her devotions or doctrines they object to, save this one doctrine of unconditional submission; it is not money, friends, comforts, which they fear to lose; it is that they will not forfeit the dearly loved but fatal privilege of having the last word in religious opinions and religious obedience—the fatal privilege of private judgment and of the liberty of independent action. *They will not submit.*

When the Church's enemies attack her, they always begin by seeking to undermine this habit of submission. They banish the religious orders, who are the embodiment of more or less perfect submission. They fasten upon the teaching of the young, knowing that if they can only prevent the rising generation being trained to submission, their battle will be half won. They stir up national feeling, dislike of "Vaticanism" and of subjection to a foreign ecclesiastic; seek to foster what they call honest pride and manly independence, knowing that this due relation of man to his God once abolished by the spirit of revolt and by the hatred of submission, they will have little difficulty in bringing in those companions of revolt who come trooping after their captain (like camp-followers and harlots in the train of a successful usurper), worldliness, and fleshly lust, and ambition, and intemperance, and forgetfulness, and dislike of God.

It is not difficult to discover the reason why the Church, and the Church alone, has this faculty of setting men right with God, of breathing into him the spirit of submis-

sion to Him, which is not only invaluable as a guide through life, as a preservative for virtue, as a source of peace and happiness and content, but is absolutely necessary if this life is to be the stepping-stone to a happy eternity. For the obedience, dependence, submission due to God from His creatures, differs from all other obedience, submission, dependence, in that it is absolute, unconditioned, without limit or measure, with which nothing can interfere and which nothing else can supersede. If any counteracting duty seems to clash with it, that duty is a duty in appearance and not in reality; if the full acceptance of it is thought to be slavery, he who entertains the opinion puts darkness for light and light for darkness, bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter, since to be *servus servorum Dei*, the humblest and lowliest of the servants of God, is the truest, highest, noblest liberty. He who would escape from the sweet yoke of God, and who shrieks the shriek of liberty, cries to all discerning ears that his boasted longing for liberty is but a desire to make himself free of God that he may put on another and very different yoke. He is going to be, nay, is already to some extent, a slave of passion or of pride, and it is his new tyrant who is urging him to this impatience of the self-restraint that he must need exercise in his Father's house. There is some degrading lust or self-exalting ambition that makes the gentle yoke seem harsh, and the light burden appear heavy and galling. To serve God is to reign, to desert His service is to become a slave of slaves. He who dislikes the yoke, frets against it, and seeks to minimise its claims upon him, is no lover of true freedom. He is but a bastard son of liberty who does not rejoice in the universal, absolute, unlimited, ever-present claim of Almighty God on his obedience in every detail of life, in things small as well as in things great, in thoughts alike, and words, and works, by night and day, in darkness and in light, from the day when reason dawns to the moment when the lamp of life flickers and expires.

Now since it is thus all-important to man to learn this lesson, any one who will teach it him, and train him to it, is his greatest possible benefactor, his best friend, his guide who points out to him the road to Heaven, and leads his footsteps thither. Now this it is which is the office of the Catholic Church. No other authority, however legitimate, no other ruling power, God appointed though it be, can do this work which is done by the Catholic Church. No monarch, legislator, ruler, or teacher of men, can train men to this absolute submission.

It is not that they have no power to command, or that they do not speak with authority from God ; it is not that they cannot claim obedience and submission. But all other powers and potentates save the Catholic Church have a limited and restricted authority, which a higher power and a superior authority may from time to time set aside ; all others issue decrees which are reversible ; all others may transgress their limits, so that the individual is not only justified in disobedience, but sometimes even bound to disobey. The civil government of my country consists of fallible men, who issue fallible decrees, and though I should always lean to the side of obedience, yet from time to time I may be bound to disobey. I may be ordered to throw a grain of incense on Minerva's altar, or to sign an Arian formula, or to promise that I will regard the King as the Supreme Head of the Church of God on earth. Hence the civil ruler is not God's representative to such an extent that he has a right to expect an unquestioning submission. He does not teach me the lesson of absolute obedience.

But if the civil government fails in training the minds of men to this necessary lesson of unlimited submission, much less have the various religious bodies outside the Church any power to inculcate it. They all are founded on revolt, and by their example teach their children the lesson which lies at their very root. If they owe their existence to a dislike of absolute submission, they necessarily hand on this dislike to their constituent members. They may exert a certain amount of authority and power, they must exert so much as is required as a condition of their temporary existence, they must have conditions of membership, but their laws, precepts, dogmas, all contain the corroding element of their own rebellion. Crumble away they must, sooner or later ; or if, like the Russian Church, they show no immediate signs of dissolution, it is because they are in a condition of suspended animation, and sleep on in slavery to some earthly power. But with this element of death inherent in them I am only concerned as affording the reason why they never can put their members in the way of making that act of submission to God which is a *sine qua non* of entering the Kingdom of Heaven. They all teach as their doctrine (implicitly if not explicitly) a "divided allegiance," a conditional submission, an obedience necessarily limited, and such an allegiance as this God will not accept, such a submission is no submission at all, such an obedience is but a veiled disobedience. God hates compromises. His law of life is, all or none. If any

man shall do the whole law, and offend in one point, he is guilty of all. All religious bodies save one are the offspring of a compromise between submission and revolt, and therefore God will have none of them. The doctrine they teach is a doctrine of compromise, and therefore they train their sons not only to an imperfect obedience, but to no obedience at all.

Look at them: look even at those who call themselves Catholic, and see whether they deserve the name. Look at their attitude to those whom they profess to recognize as their spiritual lords, their ecclesiastical superiors. See in what spirit they discuss the action of their bishops if those bishops attempt to exercise over them any authority which requires submission of their will and judgment. Listen to their abusive language in newspapers which assume the name of Catholic, and in the mouths of those who profess to regard the Anglican Episcopate as successors of the Apostles, and you will have no difficulty in discerning that inborn, essential spirit of rebellion which is the very air they breathe, the life by which they live, the foundation on which the Establishment to which they belong rests its unstable existence. It is the House built upon a Rock, informed by the Spirit of Truth, speaking as the mouthpiece of God, illumined by the Holy Ghost, and conveying to men the Divine will without fear or danger of any sort of error, that has on earth the exclusive possession of the function of enforcing and enjoining that absolute, unlimited, unrestrained submission which God claims from all His creatures.

The Catholic Church, then, possesses herself, and imparts to her members, these three incomparable, irrefragable advantages.

(1) She alone offers to her children perfect truth, perfect logical consistency, perfect satisfaction to the rational man.

(2) She alone of all religions offers that harmony which never jars on our taste, and places before us a beauty and majesty which attract and draw towards her all the lovers of ideal beauty.

(3) She alone can enjoin absolute, unquestioning, unrestricted obedience, since she alone is preserved by God Himself from ever enjoining anything contrary to His law.

All these we may term her natural advantages, all important as they are, but secondary, as I hope to show in my next paper, to another set of benefits that she confers upon her happy children.

R. F. C.

## *State Directed Emigration.*

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### II.

ENOUGH has, perhaps, been said by way of demonstrating necessity for a safety-valve that prescient statesmanship would have set at work forty years ago, thereby preventing evils that can hardly be cured. I contend that—(1) the British people must, like the Japanese, in the long run subsist upon the total sum of products, in every kind, of labour exercised, and savings, within their islands. (2) Our unparalleled population has far outstripped the inherent powers to sustain, of the small territory known as Great Britain. (3) Consequently, in lieu of getting richer, as platitudinarians suppose, the nation grows poorer, while the situation is aggravated by the addition of now nearly half a million souls annually. (4) Other countries, ceasing to be our debtors, become creditors for supplies we are compelled to take from them, and which it is fallacious to say are taken as a matter of choice in exchange for this, that, or the other. Certain party leaders and literary men may, indeed, yearly judge our position as they would that of the mechanic going to market to lay out his week's earnings, who, if he spends more than he spent last Saturday must, somehow, have acquired greater purchasing power ;—but the operations of the import trade are not conducted in this primitive fashion. (5) While agricultural production goes down, our exports, or "exchanges," far from rising *pari passu* with the census, likewise fall off. (6) For the common weal, State intervention in a rare emergency is a plain duty, the adversaries of paternal government notwithstanding. (7) The form it must take is the organization of a gigantic system, for which I devised the title heading this page—partly to distinguish it from mere assistance, which could do little good, partly because "directing," in the sense of administering and executing, a vast work of colonization, is an appropriate task for rulers of an Empire whereon the sun sets not.

My ideas as to the method of alleviating impending

calamities, first stated generally to the Premier of the day in August, 1877, took a distinct embodiment in a SCHEME<sup>1</sup> submitted to Mr. Gladstone in three letters, dated November 26, 28, and 29, 1880. If this "comprehensive scheme of emigration,"<sup>2</sup> as it is called in the official acknowledgment from 10, Downing Street, dated December 6, 1880, could be adopted and put into operation upon the lines laid down, that colony which is the largest and has the finest immediate future, would have, within a decade, added to its present census about twelve millions souls; the figures by which the population of the United States increased between 1871 and 1881. A new kingdom, with a greater superficies than that of the Great Republic, would be firmly consolidated, while a number of individuals equal to one third of our actual home population would be rescued from wretchedness or ruin. The other two-thirds appear to be fully as many (at the outside) as the resources of our soil can maintain, under present conditions, in tolerable comfort, and those who remained must, accordingly, be benefited to a degree not easily exaggerated.

There is good reason to believe that Mr. Gladstone and some who surround him, regard the project with sympathy and favour; but it is certain there are other politicians, members either of the ministry or the party, who stand irrecoverably committed to contrary views. For instance, Mr. Bright—who, fortunately for its prospects, has now retired from any active interference in matters like this, was always an enemy of what he called the "nostrum and panacea of emigration." Mr. Bright naturally wished to protect the large employers whose interests may seem bound up with surplusage in the labour market. Yet do we not see greater prosperity, more freedom from competition in trades where workpeople are well paid than in others where they are badly paid? However this may be, on November 16, 1881, at the Town Hall, Rochdale, Mr. Bright (see the *Daily News*) expressed himself thus: "No class in this country has gained so much as the working classes have gained during the last forty years by the adoption of the new free-trade policy. In . . (1840) it was the commonest thing in the world for country

<sup>1</sup> Printed in its latest, finally revised form, at the end.

<sup>2</sup> The Right Hon. James Lowther, M.P., at Richmond (Yorkshire), on January 29, 1883, said that "the emigration which he recommended was, not the driving out of the able-bodied, leaving the aged, or young, or helpless; but a *comprehensive and State-directed scheme*, which should enable whole families to be simultaneously but not compulsorily emigrated" (from Ireland to Canada).



gentlemen, and some members of the House of Peers, and the public-minded folk of their day, to say . . . what the Government should do is to establish colonies abroad, and take the people abroad ; there is not employment enough for them here either in agriculture or manufactures." Such persons "wanted a general system of emigration, under which families by the thousand might be taken away to countries of which they knew nothing, to scenes to which they were unaccustomed, to hardships and dangers and misfortunes of which they had no accurate conception. All that was to be done. Well, the people have stayed at home. The law was altered so that the bread for them was brought here, and trade extended. You have added in Great Britain alone more than ten millions to your population in forty years. Now you find continually that if you have a good harvest trade will be good, there will be great scarcity of goods, wages will further advance ; but I have no doubt some of those people who, forty years ago, wanted to send *you* (?) all abroad, will have some other nostrum and panacea of emigration equally absurd and impossible."

These observations were addressed to a popular audience, the majority being mechanics and their wives ; yet a statesman should not have represented, even to such persons, the cases of England in 1840 and in 1881 as alike, nor have left out of sight the reasons for promoting emigration that did not apply then, do apply now, and are summarized in par. 2. of my Scheme. Mr. Bright mentioned modestly that the bread for the people has been brought to them here (thanks to him, Mr. Cobden, and the League). He remembered the fine flour and wheat, but forgot the beasts and sheep ; the butter, cheese, eggs, fish, fowl, oil, wine, fruit, pork, mutton, and beef. He did not say a word about steamships fitted with refrigerators for conveying frozen meat from the Antipodes ; nor tell his unsophisticated listeners whole fleets are employed exclusively in carrying hither from Denmark, Germany, Holland, Portugal, Spain, Africa, Canada ; North, aye, South, American States, live oxen and sheep—a portentous fact, quite unique in its way.

The Right Hon. gentleman kept to himself the startling circumstance that *very considerably more than* what is wanted for feeding the additional ten millions has to be brought hundreds and thousands of miles, often literally from the ends of the earth, at prodigious cost, not that consumers may live more

cheaply, but that they may not starve, for starve they must were these supplies cut off; as they might be during a great war on either continent, or must be during seasons of scarcity on the American, sure to happen at some time. A true economist must perceive the simpler cheaper plan, and the best for England ultimately, would be to *send the people to sources of the food supplies*. Mr. Bright did not notice that the census grew slowly, or not at all, in 1840, while it grows now at the rate of over a thousand per day, any more than did he suggest how the fresh mouths so fast arriving are to be fed in the years to come. When he has disposed of these matters satisfactorily, it will be soon enough to ridicule observers gifted with farther sight than himself, not less disinterested, and certainly more impartial judges, because not pledged to uphold through thick and thin opinions that might appear superficial were the need for systematic migration under State direction acknowledged. It has not, perhaps, occurred to him that the Western world has yet to be adequately covered by civilized peoples, though it ought to strike him development of her resources might greatly advantage English manufacturers if they wisely look ahead and retain a fair share thereof under the prudent management of their own Government. In a Note<sup>3</sup> will be found an unanswered answer to Mr. Bright's Rochdale attack. Upon fact No. 4. in this letter, it is well to observe our exports of B. and I. produce, to foreigners, are represented by a declared value in 1866 of £135,000,000, being nearly the same as the yearly average for the quinquennial period 1876—1880, which average is £20,000,000 under the yearly average for 1866—1870.

<sup>3</sup> "As I cannot suppose your remarks at Rochdale condemnatory of 'a general system of emigration under which Government should establish colonies,' were levelled at the opinions of Mr. Charles Buller, M.P., who has been dead so many years, or at the men of his day who shared his views, I am bound to conclude they were meant for a censure of my scheme of State-directed emigration to which such wide publicity has been given by the press. Allow me, therefore, to call your attention to these few facts so easy of apprehension. (1) The census of Great Britain forty years, or even thirty years, ago, grew but slowly, or not at all, whereas it grows now at the rate of nearly half a million souls annually. (2) The positive loss sustained by the nation during the last three years owing to want of sun was estimated in September, 1881, by yourself at two hundred millions sterling; by the Prime Minister, a month subsequently, at rather more than half that enormous sum. (3) Mr. James Caird, at the meeting of the Statistical Society on the 15th instant, declared that 'the land in this country within the last ten years has become less productive.' (4) The average annual value of the exports of British and Irish produce has not increased since 1866: thus, without mentioning other notorious reasons, there is here good basis for the belief that they cannot reasonably be expected to increase.

The circumstance that within one single quarter of the century food imports tripled in value is passed over as unimportant by the framers of fantastic calculations of freights, "almost wholly profit to this country"; once so high that all that had ships in the sea were made rich by the homeward traffic; and who ignore on the one hand that these cargoes promptly disappear down British throats, on the other that there are heavy sets-off against such gains; called seamen's wages, stores, foreign port dues, losses, repairs, depreciation, interest on capital, invested or borrowed (a serious item when steamers are, as usually happens, heavily mortgaged), often by or from foreign capitalists, though the ships may sail under our flag. But, having decided that the tradition of England's wealth must hold good for all time, the opinion is to be maintained in spite of a consensus of impartial opinion, backed by observation and experience, that it has ceased to be true; and in defiance of evidence that while this country is one of the very smallest, it is the most densely peopled, of all civilized States, and contains by far the largest, and an unprecedented, percentage of useless mouths, reckoning as "useless" from the point of view of the political economist, paupers (adults and children), halt, blind, sick, mentally afflicted, habitual gamblers, criminals, vicious men and women; dogs, animals; producing nothing: whose maintenance must in the end be found by producers or toilers.

The only solutions or palliatives for the difficulties that have been sketched, which are propounded by opponents of "the cruel and reckless one of emigration," may be enumerated as Crime, Spade husbandry, Potatoo or Wheat cultivation, and Nationalization of the Land. The last could not help any class, unless confiscation and re-partition are intended, when many

Yet during these fifteen years of stationary exports and diminished yield from the land the population of Great Britain has grown by six millions. That of Ireland has diminished nearly one million, and Ireland accordingly is more prosperous. I beg then to ask whether it is not plain (A.) that Great Britain to-day, with a population of thirty millions, is worse off than in 1866 with twenty-four millions? (B.) That the yield of agricultural products, of manufactures and materials produced for foreign markets even remaining next year and the year after what they are now, while the census of the United Kingdom shall be allowed to rise to thirty-six millions—the nation must be poorer at the close of 1883 than at the end of next month? (C.) And, whatever may have been the true state of matters in 1840—1843, with regard to the problems of population, production, and emigration, how, taking a candid review of all the facts and prospects, can it be possible at this epoch to provide for the fresh mouths we know must be fed in the years to come, otherwise than by reducing the numbers of the people under some 'comprehensive scheme of emigration'?" (Letter to the Right Hon. John Bright, M.P., November 19, 1881).

would be utterly ruined in order that a multitude might, in the nineteenth century, for a short time try what can be done, without capital or credit, with three or four acres of ground. This notion is a barbarian dream. We do not import potatoes to an extent worth mentioning, and it is doubtful if the English people would live on them even if ordered by Act of Parliament. As to growing, instead of importing, wheat, Mr. Bright and the farmers understand that matter better than the writer.

Leaving pretty fictions, vain fancies, and painful facts, let us proceed to study a remedy for multiplied ills, designed for the whole of the United Kingdom, not for a minor part of it.

To reduce our census to reasonable proportions, as many individuals as are now *added* to it yearly ought to leave the country, or "over a thousand per day;" *plus* half a million more per annum. But the highest authorities, after mature deliberation, think it would be difficult and dangerous to inaugurate State directed colonization of the Canadian North West upon this stupendous scale. Once sufficient means of transport, and colonization "centres" (see par. 10. of Scheme) are created, all requisite development from small beginnings could follow.

Moreover, it is suggested to me by one who has profoundly studied the whole subject, Government is not called upon to do the whole work of reconstructing. Much may properly be left to private initiative, which is sure to complement in a variety of ways what Government must do, namely, deal with the helpless class of the population, and lay the groundwork of colonization proper—that is, of course, the tilling of the soil.

Whence it has come to pass the Scheme as now drawn is very much smaller than our national exigencies require. But it is easy to extend each year as circumstances may demand or allow, nor is there any reason why what can be begun this year in our possessions on the American, should not be adapted next year likewise to those on the African, and the Australian continent, and in Tasmania.

The Imperial Emigration and Colonization Commission (see par. 8. of Scheme) would be a permanent State department, charged with all such business as the title implies. There is, furthermore, this advantage in starting upon moderate lines, that no objection can be overtly urged to the proposal from any responsible quarter, since every sensible man is now conscious something ought promptly to be done.

Many and mighty are the interests this project would

favourably affect. Financial corporations, bankers, railway shareholders, here and in Canada, steamship owners, all these, besides the labouring classes, are directly and immediately interested. Brokers, merchants, manufacturers of many British staples are, not so immediately but, indirectly and vitally concerned in promoting it. Heads of large families, with sons before whom at present no future lies, have every conceivable reason for favouring it. Clergymen and philanthropists, who are acquainted with the dangers, miseries, and evil associations that beset the poor and the young in our populous towns, even in our villages where the beershop (excluded from the Canadian North-West) is daily and nightly open; apostles of the temperance, total abstinence, and local option crusades; all these zealous gentlemen and ladies ought to comprehend that the stone of Sisyphus will roll into the sea if the goal of Canada with local option everywhere, except in the North-West, and total prohibition there, can be reached; and a radical cure for intolerable social maladies be applied.

In view of the possible prize of an emigration "pass," and peasant proprietorship in the New World, a condition for which is a good character (see par. 4. of Scheme), what a general amelioration of manners and morals, what a spreading habit of steady work will be developed among those who will never win it. The people would be taught by their instructors all over the country to aim at that prize. Employers of labour would soon find such a change come over the behaviour of the "hand" as to more than compensate for any possible scarcity occasioned by this movement. But a rise in wages is the chief bugbear. It is a visionary fear. The foundation of the proposal is the notorious existence of *surplus* labour, that is of persons who cannot get full work or any work. Remove them, and those who are left, instead of working four days, will find employment six days in the week. While each man earns more, the pay-sheet total will remain the same.

Experience contradicts the hypothesis that labour must be intrinsically cheap because it is superabundant. Does not Mr. Bright, amid the present glut, boast that the working man to-day is better paid and works shorter time than his father? Wages are higher here than elsewhere, partly because, owing to over-population, rents, meat, and vegetables have doubled in price. Until the workman can live cheaply our natural manufacturing advantages are neutralized; thus a vast emigration

is calculated to largely reduce *prime cost of all productions*. Besides, what the great and the small manufacturers of England ask for before aught else is, not cheaper labour, but, new markets. Here is the crying commercial want of our time. Our modernized machinery and factories can produce full fifty per cent. more goods than are turned out, with very few, if any, more hands. Now, the rapid utilization of our colonial lands on the system traced, means an equally rapid creation of fresh customers.

The landed proprietor and the farmer may imagine all this can do nothing for them. As it is, they find good farm hands too scarce, and in the summer of 1882 attention was called in the *Times'* correspondence columns to the draining away of labourers from hamlet and village to towns and cities, that has seriously inconvenienced country gentlemen and farmers, who are, accordingly, afraid to encourage emigration from the town slums lest it should intensify the evil. My Scheme is not open to this objection. The instituting TRAINING FARMS, (see par. 18. of Scheme) which would be recruited not alone from the various sources indicated, but from the family of almost every artisan and labourer in the kingdom, urged as these classes would find themselves by public opinion, throughout their own body, and by a natural wish to let their children have a chance of qualifying for the Emigration prize, could not fail to reverse the current, and restore the agricultural calling in popular estimation. There would be a rush back to the land, and to country pursuits, from all quarters, with, as a most speedy result, abundance of skilled well conducted hands. This is too obvious to need elaboration.

I have been told the emigrant once in Canada, not troubling himself to fulfil engagements contracted with the Colonization Commission, would, as men always do, study his interest; and so make tracks for the best paid employment he could get. This is a short-sighted view. The majority of men in any station of life naturally try to fulfil engagements when they can do so, and there is no over-whelming inducement to the contrary; speaking, be it understood, of the classes who work. At all events, it will be conceded that men do as a rule fulfil feasible engagements when irresistibly compelled, and the existing law in Canada would compel execution by the colonist of the engagement contracted by him in the Indentures mentioned in paragraph II. of my Scheme, the wording of which must be large and stringent enough to bind him as thoroughly as words can bind. Two

Acts of Parliament of 35 Vict. Cap. xxviii. and Cap. xxix. passed by the Dominion Legislature, that received the Royal assent on June 14, 1872, provide that "if any contract be made, or any bond or note given by an emigrant before leaving Europe for Canada, to repay in Canada any sum of money advanced to him or her for or towards defraying his passage money, or towards defraying any other expense attending his emigration, such sum shall be recoverable from the Immigrant in Canada, *according to the terms of such instrument*" (refusal or neglect to fulfil the engagement being punishable by fine and by imprisonment) and that "any emigrant . . . may . . . execute an instrument . . . binding himself . . . to accept employment of the kind to be therein stated from any named person . . . and to allow such person to deduct from his or her wages . . . such sum or sums of money as shall be also therein designated." To supplement the comprehensive powers directly expressed in these two Acts, as against the emigrant who might seek to evade fulfilment of the instrument he had voluntarily signed, there could be inserted in the Indentures a clause under which the emigrant should consent to and authorize deduction from his or her wages, by any person who might employ him before he had satisfied his engagements to the Colonization Commission, of all monies accruing to him, in respect of such employment, over and above twelve shillings per week; until his liability to the Commissioners should be liquidated. The Canadian Government (strongly interested in securing faithful execution of these contracts) would have ample means of tracking defaulters in their thinly peopled territory; but defaulters would be few. Interest would lie in fulfilling the bond, and so ensuring possession of a freehold farm upon the easiest imaginable terms, while default would mean for nearly all loss of character, social branding, imprisonment, and deprivation of what the attempted evasion sought to secure.

The religious and educational privileges with which Canada is endowed not only surpass our own, but are greater than those enjoyed in any European country.

The Irish poor, numbering perhaps one million, who dwell as aliens in the slums of London and other British cities and towns, are deeply concerned in the execution of this project. They supply recruits for our gaols, orphanages, and workhouses. Competitors with native labour, they are usually unpopular with the working classes among whom they sojourn. Their English



neighbours would, doubtless, be well pleased could an Exodus be brought about that must largely reduce police and poor rates. Contingents of Irish labourers arrive here continually, who, after futile efforts to "get work," that is to deprive somebody else of it, sink into the pauper or semi-criminal residuum.

Bishops and clergymen ought to favour this movement, if only for the sake of performing something substantial and efficacious permanently to relieve an enormous mass of penury, destitution, and sickness, that swells "the numerical strength" of their flocks possibly, but likewise daily sends larger numbers over to the Enemy; nor is it reasonable to suppose the voice of ecclesiastical authority and advice will fail to be loudly heard in advocacy of a magnificent work of charity.

Let any impartial thinker ponder the multifarious aspects of the Scheme, and he will end by regarding it as the sole practicable and a truly all-healing material cure, for most, perhaps all, of the complicated and terrifying mischiefs that beset our civilization and avenge our corrupting habits of living. It would transport multitudes who must otherwise untimely perish, from foul air, close alleys, squalid rooms, bad companions, to the quiet pastoral and agricultural scenes and ways so congenial to the great majority in all the generations of men. Children who must miserably die here would, in the pure bracing North-West, become healthy, robust, and happy parents of a posterity countless as the sands on the sea-shore.

Such considerations weigh as nothing with natural adversaries of what would deprive the agitator, the social reconstructor, the dreamer who is bent on pulling everything down, of their professional stock-in-trade. Those friends of the working man find a hearing because the times are bad. If this or anything else would mend them, agitation could not live. Then, the bare sound of State Directed Emigration offends the ears of theorists who have been reared upon idle stale doctrines of self-help and non-interference.

Argument is useless with opponents like these. Fortunately they are a minority now, and it is likewise true that this idea of a national colonization of Canada by means of the unemployed poor sympathetically attracts and charms most minds. The emigration note vibrates in the air, and thrills the hearts of our people who have had convincing demonstration during these last ten years while party struggles have principally absorbed the energies of their public men, that the grandest of modern States, the

most flourishing, the most peaceful and peaceable, has attained its astonishing prosperity, has acquired its incredible riches, mainly through emigration; and that—in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of one thousand—voluntary emigration of the poor.

This Paper and the amended Scheme were completed on the date printed at the end. Next morning I called upon the High Commissioner for Canada, who kindly advised me to read a work by the late Mr. E. Gibbon Wakefield, which I first heard of in August, 1881, when an acquaintance showed me in it the Parliamentary motion of Mr. Buller already referred to. I glanced over the pages then, but did not notice anything special in them. Having now consulted this book (entitled, *A View of the Art of Colonization*, London, Parker, 1849), I have been much struck by the prefatory quotation on page 1, from a writer whose words carry weight with Mr. Bright—"There need be no hesitation in affirming that colonization, in the present state of the world, is the very best affair of business in which the capital of an old and wealthy country can possibly engage" (*John Stuart Mill*).

There is a great deal of highly interesting elaborate argument in Mr. Wakefield's book, generally corroborating much I have advanced, but the ultimate outcome appears to reduce itself to recommendations that Government should sell colonial lands to capitalists, and assist unemployed labourers by paying their passage money out of the proceeds of such sales. Mr. Buller's very valuable speech, given in full, concludes even more lamely as follows—"It is not my purpose to propose any specific measure to the House. . . . I only ask it to perfect the details of the system now in force." At Sion College, where I read this, another book was shown me, called *Lectures on Colonization and Colonies*, by Herman Merivale, Professor of Political Economy (London, Longmans, 1861), and, having run through it too, I am more than ever persuaded my own project is original, practical, and unique.

With a confidence, then, resting on solid grounds, I ask all with influence to support it: while to all in power I boldly say—adopt this Scheme quickly, execute it vigorously, courageously, and you shall find its bearing *vis-à-vis* of disturbing, menacing forces now urging a ruthless disruption of English society, will be that of an efficacious MESSAGE OF PEACE.

## SCHEME OF STATE-DIRECTED EMIGRATION AND COLONIZATION.

1. The necessity for a large national system of emigration is found in the fact that the population of the United Kingdom is excessive, and increases at a prodigious rate : hence widely spread distress, much crime and drunkenness (usually allied to misery), and unreasonable competition—evils for which the only practicable ready remedy, if a general upheaval of social foundations is to be avoided, will be found to be national emigration.

2. It is well known that unless new markets are called into being our foreign trade is likely to decrease steadily ; because (a) protective duties hamper us everywhere, and (b) most countries yearly manufacture more of the sorts of goods they used to buy from us. A "new channel" is also indispensable because there has been such great activity during the last quarter-century in building and reconstructing stupendous public works, railways, machinery, manufactories, and maritime tonnage, of a total value impossible to state, but as to which some notion may be gathered from the knowledge that on railways alone four hundred millions sterling have been expended—all affording means of living for myriads—that little remains to be demolished, erected, or remodelled. Yet the population has increased by eight millions, and the agricultural produce of the soil has probably diminished. Such a new channel would be created by systematically colonizing Canada, whose unoccupied virgin lands are capable of maintaining perhaps a number equal to the total population of Europe.

3. I propose that the organization be entirely a State one, adequate for removal annually of 200,000 individuals (of all ages) from the United Kingdom, and their settlement in Canada and the North-West territory of the Dominion, where sufficient land is offered free by the Dominion Government. The poor who are without, or have next to no resources, are those who would be (on their voluntary application, and on approval) selected : the system to be one of family emigration ; and, since five can be reckoned as the average number in a family, 150,000 at least out of the whole number would be composed of aged persons, women, and babes—very few among them bread-winners. Thus the country could lose nothing by the departure of people no small proportion of whom are now partly maintained at the cost of ratepayers and of the benevolent, while all are what is currently (although not technically) called "paupers." Certainly we can easily spare, say, 50,000 able-bodied men and youths every year, and their dependents.

4. The emigrants proper to be men (with their families) acquainted with the cultivation of the soil. A slight knowledge might suffice ; nor can it be disputed that the poor quarters in our cities and towns would supply large contingents of men, born and reared in the country, accustomed to farm work. Only men of good character, not convicted of crime, nor more than twice of drunkenness, under forty-six years old, and with not exceeding five accompanying members of family, to be eligible ; single women to be ineligible ; the taking single men to be discountenanced ; and young people to be encouraged to marry, in order to become eligible.

5. A State inspection to be organized in order to "pass" applicants. There could be an authorized official in every town ; the superior superintendence of this department to be confided to selected persons among the trade-union leaders, appointed for the purpose by Government as permanent officers. Their special knowledge of the labour-market would be useful in order that surplusage only might be drawn away.

6. For transport, many of the Government steam transports would no doubt be available : other large steamships to be purchased, so as to supply a fleet capable of providing a departure of a steamer carrying, say, one thousand emigrants daily during the seven suitable months, the departures to be from Glasgow (once), Liverpool (twice), Milford (once), and Southampton (thrice) weekly.

7. The first step of arranging with the Canadian Government being taken, the second, after Parliamentary sanction, would be to send out an adequate staff of artisans and labourers, with their families, under agreements for five years at present trades rate of wage, in order to erect huts or cottages, houses, stores, &c., before the first batch of emigrants arrive, from two to three months later. These mechanics would be under Government supervision, and must move from place to place as required.

8. The control of the whole organization and the funds to be vested in a board, or Imperial Emigration and Colonization Commission, consisting of five capable and adequately paid gentlemen prepared to make this the business of their lives—two to be Canadians : head-quarters, of course, in London ; a head Canadian office at Ottawa, with one Canadian and one English Commissioner ; local commissioners with sufficient subordinates to be quartered at the various settlements.

9. The average cost of transport, upon the scale and, as indicated, from railway station here to destination in Canada, need not much, if at all, exceed £5 per head of all ages ; because special emigration rates would be obtainable from the railways on both sides of the Atlantic, the steamers, specially fitted and carrying no cargo, being worked at prime cost.

10. A due number of "centres" being selected in the Dominion, each to have a nucleus-settlement of four thousand souls, the emigrants on reaching Quebec or Halifax, would be there furnished with a destination, and at once sent on by the daily through trains. There would be also appointed through emigrant trains on this side to the various ports of embarkation.

11. Prior to embarking, each head of a family to sign articles of indenture binding himself to repay to the Emigration Commission all moneys advanced to him or his family. Should passage be repaid ? I think not, but am open to correction on this difficult point.

12. The lands to be brought under cultivation will not maintain a family for several months, or even for a year after cultivation begins. How then are the people to live ? Thus :—The Canadian Government must cooperate in this work by agreeing to convey to the Emigration Commission the one hundred and sixty acres they at present offer free for every separate family to be settled. Eighty acres to be absolutely reserved by the Commission as "B. Government lands : " and upon the remaining eighty (or fifty wherever only one hundred acres are obtained) the head of the family to be set to work, under official superintendence, to clear, sow, make roads, &c., all for a fixed weekly wage, being the amount upon which he could live with reasonable carefulness. I estimate this wage at 12s. for a single man, 16s. for a married couple, 20s. for the same with two children, and so on. All such payments as wages to be carried to the debit of the person receiving them, in books kept like the millions of separate Post Office savings-bank accounts for far smaller sums. Copies would be sent from the settlements to Ottawa ; and thence they might even be sent to London ; so that at the head office here the exact state of the accounts in each settlement would be known under an organization like the Post Office Savings Bank system.

13. Whenever the parcel of land upon which a family had been domi-

ciled should be, in the judgment of the local inspector, fit to maintain them without further official "nursing"—then, but not sooner, a conveyance of the ground to be executed to the peasant who had been working upon it, chargeable, by way of mortgage, with the total standing to his debit for wages, seed, stocking, &c., including passage-money (should it be considered right the cost of it be also reimbursed). This total, in the case of a family of five, would not be likely, even including passage-money, to exceed £100. In the case of a couple without children it would be much less. In this way, assuming only fifty acres were conveyed to each settler, and the average mortgage amounted to £100, the man would obtain in a year or so after leaving home fifty acres of freehold land saddled with £100 mortgage at six per cent. per annum, equal to a yearly rent of 2s. 6d. per acre for very fertile land. He would become by independent effort, thanks to judicious help, a peasant proprietor at a cost which he would have been able to regulate himself to a certain important extent. The transaction once completed, there would be no difficulty experienced by the Commission in selling the mortgage bond to private persons or financial corporations to be formed hereafter for the purpose of dealing in these securities, and thus all money advanced would be recouped. Redemption of the bonds might easily be effected within ten years from issue. No doubt there might be difficulty in selling the bonds, or obtaining repayment of the funds expended which they would represent, if the settlements were few, scattered far apart, and thinly peopled. There would be none if the chief features of the scheme be adhered to—namely, its magnitude and continuity.

14. In the case of the head of a family dying before his allotment were ready for conveyance, his family might be allowed to name somebody to take his place and liabilities: to the local Commissioner being reserved a right of veto. Should it be exercised, then the land to lapse into the category of "B. Government lands." The cost of the labour actually expended upon such lapsed land would, as a rule, have added to its intrinsic value not less than the total amount of such expenditure. And real loss arising from death, accident, or sickness could be provided for by a special system of insurance at trifling cost.

15. Another resource for reimbursement and profit would be the "British Government lands." These would be at least equal in acreage to "allotted lands." They would be cultivated for the ultimate benefit of the British Government, representing the taxpayers here, by day-labourers specially engaged here or taken from such among the emigrants as could not well be trusted to farm for themselves; or by volunteer labourers presenting themselves on the spot. These lands could be leased or sold. While they were farmed the crops derived from them would be disposed of for the Commission through usual trade channels.

16. If any man at the first blush should doubt whether returns of this kind could be adequate to outlay, let him reflect that all cities—London itself—and all civilized countries were once virgin land without value. Their incalculable money value and the enormous revenues they yield now have been brought about precisely in the way I propose to render valuable the valueless North-West Territory—namely, by the exercise upon their territory of human labour. The objection, then, is idle, upon the two indispensable conditions that the settlements be on a large scale, and that there be skilled responsible supervision and, as part of it, rules and discipline.

17. Crime and waste are already guarded against by laws specially passed in the Dominion and Provincial Parliaments whereby local option

prevails in every part of Canada, except the North-West Territory, wherein it is forbidden to introduce alcoholic or vinous stimulants. This beneficent provision was intended to protect the Indians, of whom about one hundred thousand still remain. Removal to Canada would consequently mean rescue and redemption for numbers of our people who would gladly quit present surroundings, associations, and temptations, had they the chance.

18. In order to make good the drain on our agricultural population, an essential part of the scheme must be the formation, under some proper system, of large or small training-farms at suitable points throughout the three kingdoms. To these places might be drafted all lads from orphanages, street youths from our great cities, men who hang about the streets picking up a precarious livelihood, and the like, to learn farm-work—the natural occupation of a great majority of mankind.

19. Parliamentary powers would have to be asked to enable the Government of the day to borrow, when required, sums not exceeding twenty millions sterling in all, by creating a new Emigration Stock to bear interest at the rate of three per cent. During the first two years about five millions sterling would be wanted; the interest upon which sum, to be borne by the taxpayers, is only £150,000 sterling per annum. The funds raised in this manner to be employed in England and Canada for the general purposes indicated, under proper control and audit in the customary way—the expenses of official staff to come out of these funds, and a percentage to be charged upon the allotted land to defray those expenses. All moneys received by the Emigration Commission as reimbursement of loans, sales of mortgage bonds, of produce raised on "Government lands," or of such lands themselves, to be paid over *per contra* to the National Debt Commissioners in order to purchase and extinguish Consols. I think it fair to expect that, before the power to raise twenty millions had been fully used, returns would flow back to us; that the twenty millions sterling, if called up, would be all reimbursed before expiry of ten years; and that, far from any loss of capital resulting from these transactions, there might be immense profits.

20. To attain the ends I have described, a country like ours, which threw away, for the sake of a policy of the moment, one hundred millions sterling in the Crimea, might sacrifice much. But I cannot see that any sacrifice whatever is needed. For, supposing 200,000 men, women, and children left our shores in the first year, and that £10 yearly per head be put as the average cost of maintaining them here, then surely society is benefited to the extent of two millions pounds sterling for that one year alone—to say nothing about the future—by their departure. The food they consume, if they remain, ceases to be imported.

21. If it should be objected a point will be reached when the exodus will cease to be a benefit to us, I answer it can be stayed at that point, for it would be the duty of the Emigration Commission to keep State advantage in view, such being the *raison d'être* of their office.

22. But the foundation of a new populous and wealthy society, on the other side of the Atlantic, must benefit this country in another way. They will purchase our manufactures from us, thus adding to our wealth, instead of consuming it, as they do while here. For, of course, every individual in Great Britain, be the population twenty millions or thirty millions, has to be fed somehow. And owing to this necessity we are rapidly sinking into national and personal poverty because nothing is done or attempted, by legislators and statesmen, in order to preserve a reasonable proportion between the people and the land they live on. Had we no colonies it would



be another matter. The truth of the controversy respecting imports and exports lies here. We import a greater excess year by year, and thus grow poorer instead of richer, simply because we have more mouths to feed each year. While this goes on, vast territories belonging to the Empire remain deserts, and others are given away.

23. The existence of great fleets of steamers of vast size which could not have been had a few years ago, the political difficulties and pressing yearly increasing distress in England, the wish of the Dominion Government to settle the North-West territory which was owned by an exclusive private corporation only twelve years ago, the certainty of a German and probability of a Chinese immigration thither<sup>4</sup> unless we utilize it ourselves instead of abandoning it to the wolf and the jackal, are all considerations favouring the realization of my scheme.

24. Although the settling may proceed during as many years as there remains unoccupied land, the principal trouble will be during the first two or three years. Once the rudiments of hamlets, towns, and cities are formed, there will be little trouble and not nearly so much expense.

25. The scheme would be greatly helped by the approaching construction or completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which will traverse the territory to be settled in order to unite the two oceans, and will provide work for large numbers of labourers. Primarily designed though it is for the poor who have no resources, the fact need not preclude our attracting (by the offer of assistance in the colony) a limited number among classes possessing some small but insufficient capital. Such people would provide employment for labouring peasants whose mental qualifications did not offer sufficient inducement to trust them with land of their own. In short, the whole management requires the exercise of skill and judgment. Many farmers would be well qualified to act as superintendents of some of the departments, and, doubtless, be glad to accept such positions.

26. Upon some collateral aspects of this many-sided scheme it is well to lay stress. This would not be a haphazard fitful business—now well, now badly done. The emigrants are not to be turned loose on the prairie to do as they please: protection, direction, control, are essential elements in the scheme, which, before all things, is to be entered upon for State advantage. A considerable organization of skilled educated minds is therefore indispensable. Upon this side of the ocean there will be the *personnel* devoted to selection, transport and shipment: clerks who must keep the accounts, storekeepers, and so forth. Then come the commanders, officers, engineers, besides crews, of the steamships. To conduct the service with efficiency not fewer than thirty vessels must compose the fleet. On the other side there will be employes who must receive and distribute through the territory the continual arrivals. There will be surveyors and civil engineers, architects and builders, farming superintendents and overseers, resident local commissioners, travelling inspectors, and a respectable battalion of clerks of various grades, some of whom could be chosen from those already in the Govern-

<sup>4</sup> The prevision expressed in 1880 has become accomplished fact. "From Victoria, Vancouver's Island, we have reports that ships and steamers are constantly arriving with many Chinese on board. The immigrants are immediately forwarded to the main land of British Columbia, chiefly for railway work. Twenty-four thousand are expected by August, when the Chinese in the province will amount to thirty-two thousand, outnumbering the whites. Fears are expressed that the Province will be Mongolianized." (*Times*, May 11, 1882.)



ment service here. There must also be warehouse-keepers, as well as men accustomed to trade operations: since the Colonization Commission will have crops and produce and lands to dispose of, seeds and stock and implements to buy—the last-named from England. Most of these numerous officials would naturally be drawn from the ranks of the middle classes. Then comes the supreme direction, the posts in which will doubtless be filled from the upper class. It is impossible to catalogue with exactness all the positions that will be necessarily created, and must be filled—greatly to the advantage of the mother-country considered as one community, and to separate families whose heads are nowadays in so many instances thoroughly perplexed to know what is to be done with their young men. My rapid sketch, however, shows that this system of colonization will find legitimate permanent occupation for much more than mere bone and sinew. Brains are indispensable. Education and natural ability of very diverse kinds and orders could thus obtain a field of exercise hitherto undreamed of; and the widely spread mental, technical, and scientific training that has distinguished the England of the past dozen years will not have been fruitless after all, as many latterly began to fear it might prove to be. But for this training, indeed, it is questionable whether there would be, as there now certainly is, the proper material available to constitute the large body of superintendents and functionaries that is necessary; while, had the Scheme been broached in 1870, every one would at once have pronounced it to be impracticable on the scale I propose—if only because the large steamers now built were not even projected; while the cost of “sailing” the smaller boats then in vogue was probably about double what the march of invention has made it to-day, and sea-risks were also greater.

27. The climate of Mexico, or even a large portion of the United States, scarcely suits Englishmen or Scotchmen, and a serious mortality might result from shipping hosts of old and very young persons to torrid regions.

28. It must be remembered the “new channel” discovered and opened by the Stephensons, the Brasseys, the Hudsons, who have gone, is filled and developed to about its utmost extent. We want another. By opening this prolific channel, of far greater intrinsic worth than all the El Dorados ever dreamed about, we should feed the poor, the middle class, and the class above, who are alike crying for bread—in one sense or another.

29. Not only so, but we can justly inscribe upon our emigration and colonization flag the motto which was once made to ring in the ears of the whole world, “For the interests of England.” Her political interests are so manifestly to be promoted by planting her sons and daughters in homes where they shall prosper and be happy, and doubtless be loyal, that it is needless to say anything on that head. Is it not almost as plain that, if Canada, with her present population of four millions, can import British merchandise worth eight millions of pounds sterling (besides merchandise from the United States worth nine), she will be enabled and bound to import incalculably more when we shall have raised her population?

30. Furthermore, a great settlement of Canadian territory will inevitably call for numerous public works (new railways among them) of great magnitude over there, for new banks, insurance companies, &c. The capital may, argely, be raised here, and fresh, *sound* openings for investors be created.

J. F. BOYD

London, Feb. 14, 1883.

### *St. Chad, Hermit and Saint.*

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THE traveller on the London and North-Western Railway as he hurries along the valley of the Trent sees a short distance off the triple spires of that beautiful cathedral which is dedicated to our Saint, and which rises very close to the spot where St. Chad passed his life successively as solitary and prelate.

Although his sanctity is recorded and his memory preserved in so splendid a memorial, and although his fame still lingers round the scene of his earthly labours, other saints besides him have here lived and died. And before we enter into particulars concerning the pious Chad, we must recall those whose bones whitening on the ground gave to the place its very name. As Lychgate signifies the gate at the entrance to the churchyard where the priest received the dead coming for Christian burial, so Lichfield means field of the dead. These dead, tradition says, were Christians and martyrs: Christians, converted by Amphibalus during his brief rest at Etocetum; martyrs under the fierce persecutions, which, in the fourth century, swept the Roman Empire to its furthestmost boundaries. History is silent as to their nationality or as to the mode and manner of their death, but that they were many in number is certain.

Amphibalus was the friend to prolong whose life St. Alban had accepted martyrdom. When he fled from Verulam he seems to have passed along the imperial highway which went by the name of Watling Street as far as Etocetum, and there have halted for awhile.

Etocetum (now a mere hamlet called Wall from a few standing remains of antiquity) was then a Roman station of some importance, situated as it was at the junction of two great roads at the spot where the Watling Street intersected the Icknield Street. The latter, so called from the Iceni through whose lands it passed, can be traced from the Tyne up in the North by Derby (Derventis) to Etocetum, and thence on

by Edgbaston and Droitwich into South Wales; and doubtless Amphibalus found within the walls of his temporary shelter ample scope for his pious work, for its inhabitants must have included members of many tribes and nations and travellers from all parts of the country. How large a number of followers he gathered and for how long he remained unmolested we know not. Dark times followed, and all record of those he won by precept and example is lost. But their fame did not perish, and some centuries later the ancient seal of Lichfield was quartered in their remembrance—"A field proper, covered with bodies." Tradition says their bodies in great number lay unburied on the ground.

Years passed on. The Roman was recalled to his sunny south to sink into enervation and meet with disaster, and the Saxon came, a barbarian invader who swept Britain with havoc and warfare, and devastated the fair country from end to end. With the departure of the Romans intercourse with the civilized world ceased. Their villas were destroyed, their works obliterated, and the channel, whence the light of Christianity had dawned to our isles, was closed. Darkness, slaughter, internecine struggle settled down upon the land. The skulls, which are literally stacked in heaps in Hythe Church crypt, are attributed to this epoch, and tell their own tale of reckless bloodshed.

When, nearly two centuries later, St. Augustine landed on the Kentish coast, he came as a true apostle, to preach peace, to recover lands once so richly sown in former times, and to renew amidst our forefathers the light of the Truth, and of communication and communion with the rest of the faithful. How rapidly the truth spread we all know, how foundation after foundation arose, and how monarch after monarch was won to the cause, is chronicled in the annals of those times. The final knell of Paganism sounded when Coife, High Priest of the Druids, along with Edwin, King of Northumbria, received baptism from the hands of Paulinus. The days of Edwin bring us very near to those of St. Chad. Edwin was constantly engaged in warfare with his neighbour the powerful Penda, King of Mercia, and though he fell in battle before the contest was decided, Oswy, second from him and seventh Bretwalda, slew their mighty foe in the year 655, and seized on his dominions.

Mercia was the central kingdom of the heptarchy, and one

of the most extensive. It stretched from sea to sea. The Dee washed its north-west shores, Wales bounded it on the west, Wessex on the south, Essex and East Anglia on the east, and it included Gaines and Lindsay in the north-east. Oswy was a zealous Christian, and his first act was to establish the true faith throughout his new domains, and at Lichfield, which lay in the very heart of Mercia, he founded and endowed a bishopric, which he confided to Dwina, who proved an able prelate, ruling his diocese with prudence and wisdom. Fourth from Dwina was our Saint, the holy Chad.

Chad, or Ceadda as his name is variously spelt, was a native of these parts, and very early had displayed fervent piety. He embraced the religious habit and for many years passed the life of a recluse at Stowe hard by, in a small cell where he subsisted chiefly on herbs and the milk of a white hind, and whither many were drawn by the fame of his sanctity to receive instruction and direction at his feet.

Amongst these were the two young sons of the reigning monarch, though accident and not intention in the first instance had led these princes to his door, and thence later on to a violent death and martyrdom. The Christian and beneficent Oswy was long since dead. Mercia had regained her independence from Northumbria, and Wulphere, a ferocious Pagan, occupied the throne, and ruled with a rod of iron. Wulpad and Rufen, his sons, while engaged in the chase, observed and pursued the white doe belonging to Chad. Pressed hard by the royal youths the animal escaped from their missiles, and miraculously disappeared into the cell of her master. Struck with astonishment, the brothers sought out the holy man, the first link in a long chain was riveted, and very soon the youths received baptism at his hands. On learning this their unnatural father grew mad with rage, seized his unfortunate sons and caused each of them to be put to a cruel death. Though we have no particulars of the tragedy, it is certain that Rufen suffered at Stone, Wulpad three miles away, at Burston. No sooner was the deed accomplished than the miserable father realised that he was sonless, repented his violent severity, and wild with vain remorse and spent with useless cries to the dead to return, hurried to Chad to beseech of him comfort and pardon.

Chad did not speak in vain. Wulphere was converted to the very faith he had persecuted, and by penance and munificence

endeavoured to wipe away his crime. Influenced by his queen, Erminhilda, already a convert, and Werburge, their saintly daughter, he endowed Lichfield very largely, and invested Chad with the bishopric when the see became vacant.

Chad carried from his cell to the dignity of the mitre, wisdom and humility. He collected some seven or eight brethren around him, built a house for their convenience, and passed much of his time in preaching, and by his saintly example gained many souls to Holy Church. It is said that on the approach of his death, troops of angels were heard singing over head, and no sooner was he buried than miracles at his tomb confirmed the holiness of his life. Among others, a poor lunatic, who had escaped from his custodians, passed the whole night on the new made grave, and with morning the light of reason returned to the perplexed brain and the man was healed.

Chad died in the year of our Lord 673. He was canonized some time later, and his feast occurs on the second day of March. Very shortly after his death a costly shrine covered his remains, and vast concourses of pilgrims journeyed thither attracted by his fame. Lichfield at this time was a very large diocese, extending over the whole of Mercia; and Winfrid, the Saint's immediate successor, was deprived of his see for resisting the sub-division thereof with Lincoln.

The old Mercian Cathedral then stood surrounded with forests and marshes. Hopwas Wood was the resort of bears and wolves, Cannock Chase was a region for wayfarers to be wary of. To this day every evening at nightfall a bell rings out from the cathedral, and tradition says it has so pealed ever since the days when it was rung to call the labourer and the wanderer home from the chase, and to warn the traveller to seek a timely shelter. In early days this solitude was its protection. As the centuries passed on, it was by reason of its central position that Lichfield escaped many of the fiery ordeals of invasion and rapine that befell less favoured spots, and Chad's holy remains rested undisturbed, the fame of his sanctity ever spreading far and wide and bringing great numbers of pilgrims to his shrine. The old Mercian erection which contained the Saint's tomb was removed, and replaced in the eleventh century, under Bishop Clinton, by a finer structure. In the thirteenth century Bishop Walter Langton, treasurer to King Edward the First, and a prelate of great energy and munificence, raised the present

beautiful edifice, and gave to Chad a new shrine of "uncommon costliness" and great splendour, and spent much time and labour in rendering his building as perfect a sanctuary as possible.

At the Reformation, although the cathedral churches did not suffer to the same extent as the religious houses, they were more or less despoiled, the altars were left desolate, the shrines rifled and violated, and that of Chad did not escape the general doom. No trace was left of the costly and loving handiwork of a former pious generation, for greed does its work well, and what the minions of one Cromwell spared, a little later on the troopers of another Cromwell finally demolished. That any of the saintly relics at all were saved, was owing to the devotion of certain Catholics, who rescued and preserved the same, and these now lie within a few miles from the place where in life Chad taught by the precept of example, in the midst of busy Birmingham, one of England's most active centres of industry, within the cathedral there called by his name. Not only did the fanatical soldiery of the Commonwealth assail shrines, but they attacked the very stonework itself with axes and hatchets, and everywhere beauty of detail was mutilated and defaced, and the very safety of the building itself jeopardised by these wanton iconoclasts.

It is not a little curious amid all this to remark how strong a hold tradition has on the minds of men, and how the memory of St. Chad still clung round his cell and his church. With shrine destroyed, with his feast abolished, he was still remembered by his fellow-countrymen; and all through the celebrated siege, to his interference was attributed by the contending forces each successive advantage or defeat. When dumb "Dyot," the royalist commoner, shot from the cathedral roof the rebel Lord Brooke, as he stood below, the skill of the former as a marksman was traced to our Saint, and in the present century Sir Walter Scott in *Marmion*, records the popular feeling of the times in his lines:

Fanatic Brooke  
The fair cathedral stormed and took,  
But thanks to Heaven and good St. Chad  
A guerdon meet the spoiler had.

A. R. COHEN.

## *Animal Intelligence.*

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FROM the earliest times the attention of men has been attracted by the ways and habits of animals. Remarking that many of their actions were evidently performed in view of a certain end, and performed very much as a man would perform them, ancient philosophers, such as Empedocles, Democritus, Anaxagoras, Pythagoras, Celsus, and others, did not hesitate to attribute to animals the intellectual faculties which they recognized in man. With the moderns, who refuse to see more than a difference of degree between human reason and animal intelligence, as the phrase goes, the tendency has always been not so much to affirm of animals the human faculties, as to deny to man faculties essentially superior to those of animals.

The question, it must be admitted, is one of peculiar complexity. For its solution it is not sufficient that the psychologist should be well acquainted with the phenomena of the human mind; he also requires an accurate knowledge of the facts of animal psychology. And here a great difficulty confronts him: he cannot, of course, make a personal investigation of all the facts, but has to rely mainly on the testimony of various persons. Few indeed are the cases reported, to which, from some quarter, objections may not be raised. And even supposing the facts to be so clear and certain that nothing remains but to try and explain them, there will still be room for endless discussions, for we are here considering mental processes the mechanism of which is little, if at all, known to us. Any one who has seriously set to work to analyse his own mental processes, so as to distinguish between the various physiological and psychological elements that go to make up either a single sensation or the simplest syllogism, knows what a hard task it is. But how much more complex does not the problem become, when we undertake the analysis of what appears to be an analogous process in a creature not of our own kind, and when, in thus judging from analogy, we have to take into account those



very differences of organization the exact nature of which scientific men, without excessive modesty, confess that they understand, indeed, very little!

We sincerely trust these reflections will not be interpreted by our readers as savouring of scepticism. Difficult as these problems are, yet we do not believe them to be wholly insoluble, at least in all their parts, and we feel thankful to those men of science who, by their accurate observations and persevering efforts, have of late years so much increased our knowledge respecting the mental faculties of animals. Thus is also increased our admiration of the works of nature, and our sense of reverence and love towards the Mind of which these works are the manifest expression.

But our object in thus enumerating the difficulties that surround such questions is, in some measure, to repel an unjust accusation often now-a-days formulated against Catholic philosophers and theologians by some modern scientists. They speak as if Catholics refused to be impressed by the facts that are brought forward, merely because they are tied in their own investigations by dogmas which, even at the sacrifice of evident truth, must be defended. Now, it is perfectly right to say that a Catholic philosopher, engaged in the study of physics or biology, does not accept at once any conclusions that may happen to enjoy present popularity, when they seem to be opposed to other conclusions of whose certainty he has already full and independent evidence; but it would be a great mistake to think that in such questions as, for instance, in this question of animal intelligence, Catholic men of science are only experiencing theological difficulties. Such difficulties they indeed have, but they have also genuine scientific difficulties for a solution of which they have so far looked in vain in the books of their learned opponents.

Among these, Dr. Romanes, the author of a recent work on *Animal Intelligence*,<sup>1</sup> occupies an honourable place. He has attempted in the volume bearing this title to condense all that immense bulk of evidence which we now possess on animal psychology.

"This book," the author himself tells us,<sup>2</sup> "while complete in itself as a statement of the facts of comparative psychology,

<sup>1</sup> *Animal Intelligence*. By George J. Romanes, F.R.S. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., 1882.

<sup>2</sup> Preface, p. vii.

has for its more ultimate purpose the laying of a firm foundation for my future treatise on mental evolution."

This is therefore a book of facts, got together from many sources, and evidently with great discriminative power, in this sense, that those facts have especially been selected for which an exercise of human-like reason seems alone sufficient to account, whilst comparatively few cases are given in which animals are exhibited in their common and ordinary modes of life, as acting in ways that do not appear to imply the possession of reasoning powers.

In spite, however, of the partiality which seems here and there to have attended the selection of the cases, and which particularly distinguishes Dr. Romanes's correspondents (many of them ladies giving accounts of their pets), we will not be so unfair as to pass a judgment on what he himself calls "a ground work on which the picture is eventually to be painted."

If the present work [he adds] is read without reference to its ultimate object of supplying facts for the subsequent deduction of principles, it may well seem but a small improvement upon the works of the anecdote-mongers. But if it is remembered that my object in these pages is the mapping out of animal psychology for the purposes of subsequent synthesis, I may fairly claim to receive credit for a sound scientific intention, even when the only methods at my disposal may incidentally seem to minister to a mere love of anecdote.

Leaving then these facts as they stand, we may perhaps be permitted briefly to pass in review some of his arguments to which we take exception, not merely, as we already said, on theological grounds, but also on grounds purely scientific and philosophical.

This rapid recapitulation of our position will, in some measure, prepare us for the "subsequent synthesis" with which we are threatened.

We observe in most animals two distinct kinds of operations: one kind simply follows upon modifications of the senses not necessarily attended by any consciousness; the other takes place when the modifications of the senses are not merely experienced in the organism, but are also subjectively apprehended with more or less definite consciousness by the animal.

These two kinds of operations are well known to us from what we experience within ourselves. Those phenomena which

are consequent upon modifications of sense, often without any consciousness, and thus producing movements of an adaptive, though not of an intentional kind, are due to non-mental neuro-muscular adjustments in the system, well known under the name of reflex action.<sup>2</sup> These phenomena are common alike to animals and to man.

In the other kind of operations, characterized by the element of consciousness, a distinction is required. The response of the animal to sense-stimulus may be antecedent to all individual experience, without knowledge of the relation between means employed and ends attained, but similarly performed under similar and frequently recurring circumstances by all the individuals of the same species. This is instinct.

Or, on the other hand, the response of the same animal to sense-stimulus may be subsequent to individual experience, with an apprehension of the immediate connection between two or more sensible objects, but without its being necessarily common, under nearly similar circumstances, to all the individuals of the same species. This is the highest mental operation in brutes. It is quite distinct from what we call instinct, and indeed instinct itself, without such a faculty, would be quite inexplicable. This faculty had been more or less clearly discerned by ancient philosophers. The scholastics designated it by the name of *vis aestimativa*, "the estimative faculty," if such a rendering may be allowed. The same faculty is also present in man, though, of course, necessarily modified and elevated in its operations by the presence of another and supreme faculty we are about to notice. For in man we meet with a form of cognition essentially irreducible to that "estimative faculty" which we acknowledge to be common (with due reservation) both to man and beast. That "estimative faculty," we may, if we like, call "animal intelligence." But whatever name be given to it, we assert it to be essentially distinct from, and irreducible to, "human reason."

Dr. Romanes<sup>3</sup> considers that reason, "besides involving a mental constituent, and besides being concerned in adaptive action, is always subsequent to individual experience, never acts but upon a definite and often laboriously acquired knowledge of the relation between means and ends, and is very far

<sup>2</sup> Here and elsewhere, we purposely follow as closely as possible the phraseology of the author of *Animal Intelligence*, in order to avoid all misunderstanding as far as we can.

<sup>3</sup> Introduction, p. 16.

from being always similarly performed under the same appropriate circumstances by all the individuals of the same species."

Unfortunately for his definition, it leaves out undefined that very point on which the whole difficulty turns. Reason, he says, involves a mental constituent. That is true enough, but what sort of a mental constituent does it involve? That is the question. Is it a process originating in certain nervous centres, and terminating in some others, or is it a process implying of necessity the existence of a principle to which, indeed, those same nervous centres must act as ministers, but whose operations they cannot by any means themselves perform? In the same way, a definition of "manual work" which said nothing about "hands" would be considered somewhat inadequate.

What then is reason, and how is it that, whilst admitting an *animal intelligence* (in the sense above explained), we refuse to recognize an *animal reason*? By reason, strictly speaking, we understand the faculty in ourselves by which we are enabled to pass from one understood truth to the understanding of another. Thus we can obtain a knowledge of those truths which present to our minds no immediate evidence, provided they have a logical connection with other truths already known to us.

Reason, therefore, taken strictly, is not formally the same thing as intelligence. Reason and intelligence constitute, indeed, one faculty, and they are not separable from each other in man, but we recognize a formal act of intelligence in that mental state in which a truth becomes known either by simple apprehension, or by an immediate judgment not reached through the logical process we have just described in speaking of reason.

If therefore reason is a distinctly human faculty, so will intelligence be, for it implies, as we shall see, the same substantial principle. We may then, if we choose to use words in a twofold sense, which logicians do not recommend, talk of an *animal intelligence* and of a *human intelligence*, meaning by the former what we call the estimative faculty, and by the latter one aspect of man's intellectual endowment, but we are not inclined to admit the loose phraseology which Dr. Romanes makes use of, in common with other writers of his own school, in his Introduction. Here is the passage we allude to:

This faculty of balancing relations, drawing inferences, and so of forecasting probabilities, admits of numberless degrees; and as in the designation of its lower manifestations, it sounds somewhat unusual to employ the word reason, I shall in these cases frequently substitute the

word intelligence. When we find, for instance, that an oyster profits by individual experience, or is able to perceive new relations, and suitably to act upon the result of its perceptions, I think it sounds less unusual to speak of the oyster as displaying intelligence than as displaying reason.<sup>3</sup> On this account I shall use the former term to signify the lower degrees of the ratiocinative faculty, and thus in my usage it will be opposed to such terms as instinct, reflex action, etc., in the same manner as the term reason is so opposed (p. 14).

Dr. Romanes, therefore, although intelligence and reason are both opposed in their meaning to such terms as instinct, reflex action, and the like, inasmuch as they both connote "the faculty of deducing inferences from a perceived equivalency of relations," nevertheless takes intelligence to signify, at least in common usage, a lower aspect of reason, so that our nerves are able to stand such a phrase as "The oyster is intelligent;" but our author feels (whether by using his intelligence or his reason, we know not), that this phrase "the oyster is reasonable" might prove too much for the majority of his readers. Yet, we do not see why those readers should be so easily scandalized who agree to any extent with the author's doctrines. For, either the terms intelligence and reason connote the same identical faculty, or they do not. If they do not, they ought simply to decline following Dr. Romanes in his phraseology, for then intelligence and reason are not, as he says, opposed in the same manner to instinct, reflex action, etc. If, on the contrary they are so opposed, as connoting one and the same faculty, why not say at once boldly that "an

<sup>3</sup> It is foreign to our purpose in these pages to enter into a full discussion of facts bearing upon the present question, but the case here brought forward as an instance is so characteristic of the spirit in which such facts are gathered by observers with preconceived ideas, that we cannot resist the desire of quoting it for the edification of our readers. The case is thus given, chap. ii. p. 25:

Even the headless oyster seems to profit from experience, for Diquemase (*Journal de Physique*, vol. xxviii. p. 247) asserts that oysters taken from a depth never uncovered by the sea, open their shells, lose the water within and perish; but oysters taken from the same place and depth if kept in reservoirs, where they are occasionally left uncovered for a short time, and are otherwise incommoded, learn to keep their shells shut, and then live for a much longer time when taken out of water.

We confess our inability to see how an intellectual operation even of the lowest kind can be shown with any degree of probability in this case. We cannot even see in it an exercise of the estimative faculty. The mechanism of reflex action is certainly capable, under the repetition of new conditions, of self-adaptations such as are presented here by the oyster. That the case is not so clear should be acknowledged by Dr. Romanes himself, for he wisely says in another place of his Introduction:

In view of such non-mental nervous adjustment leading to movements which are only in appearance intentional, it clearly becomes a matter of great difficulty to say in the case of the lower animals whether any action which appears to indicate intelligent choice is not really action of the reflex kind.

Precisely.

oyster is reasonable?" According to the old axiom *Plus et minus non mutant speciem*; an act of lower reason remains essentially an act of reason.

To speak seriously, in thus giving an entirely new meaning to a term already fixed by long philosophical usage, the author of *Animal Intelligence* does not seem altogether justified.

Intelligence, far from signifying in common philosophical language a lower stage of reason, has been, on the contrary, made to express a more perfect aspect of that sublime faculty in man. Indeed, that operation of our mind by which without effort and progressive labour we attain to the knowledge of first principles, and are able by a sort of direct intuition to form immediate judgments about facts or ideas, suggests a notion of pure intellectual power, of quiet spiritual strength, which the complex, laborious process of reasoning from premisses to conclusions hardly presents.

This distinction is a very ancient one. Boetius, in whom Greek philosophy faithfully reflects itself, gives poetical expression to it, when he says: *Intellectus comparatur ad rationem sicut aeternitas ad tempus*,<sup>4</sup> thus associating, on one hand, the changeableness of time with the vicissitudes of human reasoning, and on the other, the steady, enduring power of intellectual vision with the absolute quietude of eternity.

Having then said what we signify by "reason," and disengaged the word "intelligence" from the possible confusion into which a modern use of the term might lead, it remains for us briefly to state what it is that, consistently with Christian philosophy, makes a man a reasonable being, and what it is that obliges us to deny to animals this same prerogative.

To ask what it is that makes a man a reasonable being, is to ask what the possession of reason implies in man. That we can only learn, if left to our own natural powers, by means of an attentive analysis of those phenomena of which we become subjectively conscious in the exercise of the reasoning faculty itself.

We said a moment ago that reason was that faculty in ourselves by which we were enabled to pass from one understood truth to the understanding of another. Clearly it is not from particular truths that we can thus attain to the understanding of other truths. General ideas are required for any real and conclusive reasoning to be instituted. If then we show that general

<sup>4</sup> Boetius, *De Con. Phil.* lib. 5, prosa 4.

ideas are essentially distinct from all the forms of cognition that sensation, however modified or transformed, can supply, we shall have proved at the same time that the formation of general ideas, and reason itself, cannot possibly be a property of the material organism wherein all sense-knowledge is elaborated. Let us clearly see the difference between a sensation and an idea. With my hand I acquire some knowledge of this stone, but that knowledge, obtained through the sense of touch, says nothing to me of a stone, independently of that which causes this particular stone to be such a stone and no other. Again, my eyes refer to me that tree yonder, but if I carefully note my sensation, I well discern that nothing further about trees in general is attested to me by my eyes. Sensation then is our first form of knowledge; it takes place through material organs; it testifies of material things, and taken by itself, it asserts nothing in a generic or specific line, but merely as singular. Leaving out the refinements to which sense rises in man, this remains true, that material surroundings affect my senses very much as they may affect our "intelligent" friend, the gaping oyster above mentioned. Just as I see that tree, my dog sees it, and if I limit, for the sake of analysis, the operation of my sense to the vision of *that* tree, possibly my dog sees it much more distinctly than I do myself, however humbled I may feel by the admission.

But if this be sensation, what are those notions which seem to arise after a sensation within myself? When I compare these notions with their parallel sensations, they appear to have such opposite characters, that I find nothing common between them, except the representation (each in its own fashion) of a common object. Let us try and see this clearly by means of a definite example: Here is a circle more or less accurately drawn upon the blackboard. My eyes convey to certain nervous centres an image of this circle, and thus by a vital, though an organic process, I am able to form before my imagination a sensible representation of it. Upon this arises in me a concept which I evidently owe to the sensible representation; yet, strange to say, I see well that my concept is not necessarily bound up with *this* representation. You trace another circle upon the blackboard, and I remark that, although the circle is larger, nevertheless my concept remains the same. I compare my concept or idea with my two sensible representations: one exhibits a circle of one foot in diameter, the other a circle of one yard in diameter;



but my idea of either of them, I find, will suit any number of circles with any diameters. This idea is one, fixed, necessary. My mind does not see it in this or that circle, but it simply contemplates *the* circle in an order of realities to which material organisms do minister, but to which their operations can never rise. The representation of my imagination is vague, confused, or, at best, it is (until corrected afterwards by the idea) no more accurate than the figure on the blackboard, which is not, and cannot, be expected to represent an exact circle. The idea in my mind, on the contrary, exhibits a perfect circle with all its geometrical properties, and the imperfect image of sense will indeed help my intellect to consider those properties, but its own imperfection can in no way alter my notion of a true circle. I have traced on the blackboard a ridiculously irregular figure, but it matters not ; I am not appealing in my demonstration to this absurd figure, but to the true idea of a circle which I know you have formed as I have myself, and it is this common idea, not the figure on the blackboard, that enables us really to commune intellectually together.

But, if all this be true, is it possible that this idea of a circle should be merely a remembrance of the sensation, or a sensation transformed, as Condillac asserted, or the result of any process beginning and ending in the material organism in which the sensation had its birth, and, as long as it lasts, must have its home? This is one of the difficulties which Catholic philosophers, not to mention others, have always met with, not on account of any theological prejudice, but on account of the intrinsic contradiction which they discern in such an admission. No amount of facts about animal intelligence, no anatomical dissections, no physiological vivisections will solve this difficulty. The mind must face it, and no one, we believe, who fully understands its terms can long resist the conviction that this idea introduces him into another sphere of realities where alone truth assumes that immaterial garb which is the condition of its universality. Endeavour to abstract from all the individual notes of your sensation, yet you will not cease to have as clear and distinct an idea of that which both sensation and idea, in their fashion, represent, as you ever had. You will have rendered the sensible representation impossible by such an abstraction: you have not in the least affected the idea itself. Hence no possible identity between them. Hence, also, no possible identity between the substances whose modifications

they are. For how could an idea that suits all circles equally exist in a substance that can only represent circles with certain dimensions and not otherwise? My idea of a circle is true *hic et nunc* of an infinity of circles; could the organic faculty represent *hic et nunc* such a figure? It can no more do it than it could *hic et nunc* represent an infinity of circles. Try any process of composition, of elimination, of transformation, it must always supply you with some particular circle, otherwise your imagination will be unable to represent it; yet all this time the notion of a circle, independently of any definite dimension, is persistently haunting your mind, without your being able, in any way, to account for it.

In the course of this argument, we have confined ourselves to the consideration of a geometrical figure, because of its own nature it readily lends itself to sensible representation; but it is clear to every one that the same argument *a fortiori* proves our position in the case of those notions which are incapable of being, as such, apprehended by the senses, for they cannot be the proper object of any of them.

Having, therefore, established that ideas, being intrinsically free from material conditions, do not subsist in an organic faculty, we ask ourselves, In what then do they subsist? It must be in some sort of substance of which they are accidents. It must be in a substance not liable to the same objections as the organic faculty, and therefore not material, for between material and immaterial substances no intermediate substance can be found.

And besides, independently of the difficulties already mentioned, material substances are open to another difficulty, founded on the daily testimony of our conscience, which we may not leave here unnoticed.

Whatever unity be attributed to the final particles, atoms, or other elements which make up our bodies, at least it must be admitted that no real physical unity belongs to those bodies, if we simply consider them as constituted by the more or less intimate aggregation of so many distinct elements. Whence then arises that unity within me to which my conscience is a constant witness? In the midst of those numberless ideas, affections, fears, and desires, of which I am the subject, what is that mysterious agent which remembers them, combines them, desires or rejects them, that thing which I have named as well as language allows, when I have said, "I?" My thought

of to-day is not my thought of yesterday; yet who doubts but that the "I" who thought yesterday and the "I" who thinks now are one and identical? If there is not in me an element of permanence presenting in itself that unity which cannot be attributed to the ever-changing elements of my bodily frame, the consciousness of this "I" in me is a simple impossibility. This element of permanence, the subject of so many accidental phenomena, intellectual and moral, must be a substance; it must also be an immaterial substance, for otherwise (to omit many other reasons), instead of giving unity to the whole, it would itself labour under the defect of unity which characterizes all agglomerations of material elements. Here other arguments might easily be adduced, based on the analysis of an act of reflection, but space does not permit us to dwell longer on this point. There is then a principle within me, a substantial, immaterial element of permanence in the midst of so many subjective modifications of my being, wherein alone can dwell the pure, universal concepts that people my mind. This principle is the human soul. To it we are thus compelled by philosophy, not less than by theology, to attribute our human unity and personality, our human freedom, our human reason. Such a principle the Divine gift of intelligence implies in man.

We have dwelt so much on this side of the question before us because of the absolute necessity there is, as it seems to us, to have clear notions on what the rational faculty in man really is and implies, before transferring the debate to the other side—the animal. We shall now briefly consider some of the motives which induce us to differ so emphatically from Dr. Romanes, and the school to which he belongs, on the subject of "Animal Intelligence."

Whatever may have been in the course of ages the conclusions of philosophers concerning the mental faculties of brutes, at least the general sense, not to say the common sense, of mankind taken as a whole has never wavered on this point. We find man, at all periods of the world's history, subduing the animal creation, making it subservient to his wants, and asserting always and everywhere his intellectual superiority over those creatures, some of them so much above him in point of size and physical strength and even skill. We assume that animals could hardly have been treated as they have been generally at all times and by all races, if man had clearly discerned in his "dumb friends" a spark of that which he felt

proudly conscious of carrying within himself. For he would have been necessarily led on to see in them moral attributes also which must have altered his attitude and conduct towards them.

When our Aryan ancestors, after surveying the natural objects that surrounded them, entering into themselves, searched for a name by which to indicate that which distinguished themselves from all that struck their eyes, *Manu* was the word that rose to their lips. *Manu* meant for them the Measurer, the Thinker.<sup>5</sup> It was the term which to them seemed to express most characteristically their own nature. It was the worthy discovery of that human family which peopled Hellas with its children, and counts the noblest thinkers the world has yet known among its kinsmen.

There is much profound philosophy in this, and it plainly testifies to a general sense of men in regard to animals, which it would hardly be wise to despise and altogether disregard. Nor is it necessary to remind us that in some places animals have been treated as intelligent beings and even as gods. This was the effect of local, not of universal superstitions, and in nearly every case about which we know anything at all, we find that it was not the animal, as such, which was worshipped, but the animal as being the incarnation or representation of some superior being or mysterious principle. Again, in connection with this question, we often hear a good deal about animals and very young children standing practically on the same intellectual level. But to this I answer with Professor Max Müller, whose mind is not generally supposed to be tainted with theological prejudice,

Animals and infants that are without language are alike without reason, the great difference between animal and infant being that the infant possesses the healthy germs of speech and reason, only not yet developed into actual speech and actual reason, whereas the animal has no such germs or faculties capable of development in its present state of existence.<sup>6</sup>

Here it might not be out of place to enumerate the many absurd consequences which logically follow, if we attribute reason in any degree to brutes. But, to be brief, we shall mention one only, of great philosophical importance. Dr.

<sup>5</sup> From this word was derived the old High German *mennise*, the modern German *mensch*, and our English *man*.

<sup>6</sup> *Lectures on the Science of Language*. Second series, Lect. ii.

Romanes, as we have seen, somewhat shrinks from saying that the oyster exhibits reason. Would he not shrink also from saying that the oyster (and other animals) exhibits free-will? Yet this, to be logical, he must also assert, for free-will necessarily follows upon the possession of intellectual powers.

It may not be useless to say briefly how this consequence is arrived at. To the gift of intelligence we owe our general ideas; the idea of good is, of course, one of them; and good, or at least its shadow, is the proper object of the appetitive faculty. Now this faculty in a rational creature is not irresistibly solicited by this or that particular preponderating good, but by the notion of universal absolute goodness, its only adequate object. The reason is clear: absolute goodness, by exhausting the capacity of the faculty, necessarily destroys any freedom it may possess. But no particular limited good that this world can show (and it can show no other) will effect this, because no such good bears any proportion to a faculty that tends, in virtue of that intellectual form of cognition which is special to man, towards absolute goodness as towards its sole adequate object. The rational creature, in presence of any particular good, remains free to embrace or reject it, unless it be the only means to obtain that supreme good towards which it tends necessarily. Hence it follows that the determination of the appetitive faculty in such a case must proceed from the faculty itself, if it is to be determined at all in favour of the particular good in question: *Stat pro ratione voluntas*.

It is therefore very illogical to give a creature reason and at the same time to deny it free-will. But, conversely, we who are unable to discover any trace of free-will in animals, are thereby justified in denying to them reason.

Before bringing this article to a close, it will be well for us to say a few more words about the estimative faculty which we have mentioned as being the highest operation of sense in animals. We believe that the position of Catholic philosophers in respect to "Animal Intelligence" has been supposed by many to be untenable in presence of modern science, chiefly because they either ignored or misunderstood the exact extent granted to the operations of sense by Catholic philosophy even before the times of Albertus Magnus and Thomas Aquinas.

In denying to animals the gift of reason, Catholic philosophers do not for all that shut their eyes to the fact that animals are guided in some of their actions by a knowledge

which their five external senses cannot possibly supply when any sensible object affects them. This was well expressed by the old Scholastics in their definition of the estimative faculty, borrowed, I believe, from the Arabic philosopher Algazel: *Æstimativa est virtus apprehendens de sensato quod non est sensatum.*

This faculty which some have confounded with instinct is, on the contrary, presupposed by instinct. It accounts for many facts in the individual which instinct in the species does not explain, and supplies that limited, though undoubted, capacity for perfectibility which we observe in animals placed under new and favourable conditions. In the dog, this has perhaps been more remarkably verified than in any other animal.

It will be objected that we choose to create in animals this convenient faculty in order to explain their many intelligent actions without disturbing the hard and fast line we are pleased to draw between them and man. But we believe that even independently of the intrinsic arguments, already given above, the very irregular distribution of "intelligence" in the animal kingdom, the great contradictions which occur in the observed facts, and the sensible nature of the phenomena more constantly observable, would warrant the maintenance of our distinction. Nor will it avail to say that, by granting to all animals some kind of judgment (as is indeed implied in the notion of the estimative faculty), we have granted all that our opponents desired. For all judgments are not necessarily intellectual judgments; many, on the contrary, are quite within the scope of sense. We may perhaps be permitted to show this in a few words.

Our finite nature does not allow of our obtaining an adequate notion of anything by a simple act of mental apprehension. We must apprehend separately the component elements of an object and, according to fixed laws of our intellectual being, recompose those elements, and give a mental expression to the object so elaborated within ourselves, after due comparison of the same elements. But all judgments do not thus proceed by way of comparison. We often find ourselves uniting mental elements without any previous formal comparison of them with each other.

Their intrinsic connection or opposition flashes, as it were, before our eyes, and carries us away before any antecedent intellectual operation. Hence also the liability to frequent

mistakes in persons given to act by impulse rather than by reason—for appearances are proverbially deceptive. It is easy to give an example of such "instinctive" judgments, as the Scholastics called them. I am talking with you of So-and-So, and, as not unfrequently happens, just as we are engaged in this conversation, So-and-So turns the corner. "Here he is," I exclaim. Had my intellect any part in this judgment? The dog of the same gentleman with us at the time, having lost his master. As soon as he turns the corner, the dog seeing him gives a loud bark and runs after his master. Evidently the dog's joyful barking was an equivalent to my exclamation "Here he is," and certainly the barking was not an intellectual act. A mere instinctive identification of a visual sensation once received with a similar sensation now obtained was spontaneously realized and that is all. To any one who admits the existence of general ideas, this conclusion can present no difficulty. For he must admit that no singular fact is, of itself, a proper object of our intellect. The intellect may consider "man" as a universal notion, but "this man" who is just now walking in the street is *per se* no proper object of it. Therefore the kind of predication which directly took place when I exclaimed "Here he is," could not possibly be the effect of an intellectual act, since neither of the terms, as they stand, could constitute intellectual apprehensions.

Of course, when we say that the intellect cannot operate directly on singular notions, we do not mean to deny that the intellect does often formulate judgments about singulars. But such judgments differ essentially from the spontaneous judgments just described in this, that the predicate which here is attributed to the singular subject is considered by the intellect not as a concrete fact, but as an abstract notion.

We wish further to remark, that the negation of real intelligence in animals does not in any way prevent us from receiving what there is of proved truth in the remarkable investigations of modern biology. On the contrary, our recognition of the estimative faculty as the basis of all instinct, as well as of all its modifications, enables us to welcome, without any prejudice to our philosophical principles, any facts which might demonstrate clearly a progressive development of sense-cognition along the whole line of animal life, in proportion as the general perfection of the organism and gradually increasing differentiations of the nervous system rendered also



sensations more perfect, sensible representations more definite, and their combinations in the imagination more numerous and complex.

Catholic psychology has nothing to fear from modern discoveries; it rests on principles which secure it against substantial errors without denying to it due scope for legitimate development. We may therefore expect without any fear the "Synthesis" which Dr. Romanes has reserved for a future volume: it will contain no scientific truth, no proved fact that cannot find its proper place in the Catholic system of psychology; but we know also that its conclusions will ever be powerless to remove that impassable barrier which was raised from the beginning, between man and all other living beings by the soul-creating breath of their common Maker.

MARTIAL L. KLEIN.

### *A Plea for the Children.*

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SAVE our children ! Save our children !  
O listen, listen in the silence  
How their cries break thro'.  
Save them, friends ; 'twas but a while since  
We all were children too.  
Teach the hearts on God to lean  
That God hath made so pure,  
Teach the hearts in a world unclean  
To yearn for something more.  
This something more ! Oh, children dear,  
To think that in your ignorance  
You do not know that God is near,  
And smiles down on your innocence.  
Oh, sad and pure hearts of our children !  
God marks them looking down,  
And takes them in His arms supernal  
To sob against His own.  
And so He soothes their weeping wild,  
Leaning against His breast,  
And from those lips that little child  
A sweet smile learns ; but best  
To leap with sudden sense of right  
To Christ's grand love, and hold it fast.

O children, O our children ! There is no night  
On earth if we love God *first* not last.  
O children desolate, O children dear !

The souls God gave are yet too pure  
For your childish eyes to see or fear  
A wrong done. The stars are fewer  
Than our children. Ah, my God!  
Here with breath drawn quick against the sod,  
I pray Thee bless our children. Oh, Cherub!  
Ere while with deep sad eyes that wondered looking up,  
Christ-taught they leap with sudden light.  
Yea, God sees thee, little one, above the height  
Of stars, and loves thee as His own.  
Oh, God! To see the holy light within that face,  
And its rush of smiling, as when we place  
A sudden hand down thro' the waves  
At night and they to glory break.  
Ah, Sweet! Your pure heart clings anear Him,  
Just as the scent of a fragrant flower  
Clings to that flower's lip.  
Save our children! Save our children!  
They go unheeded as they weep  
With the thick tears on their faces,  
Yet we mark the stars that leap  
With their music from their places.

B. M. A.

## *A Husband's Story.*

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### CHAPTER VI.

ONLY a few months had passed away, when I heard that Doreen was in town, staying with some friends. No one was more sought or fondled by her friends, and there was a set of good-natured honest folk who were always eager to "put her up." At some of these "selections" one might wonder a little; but she was trusting, and any little kindness gained her, and being once gained, she never deserted or changed. It was extraordinary indeed the fashion in which she was treated, the almost tender indulgence with which she was regarded. She seemed born to smile, laugh, and look pretty: to be petted by her own family, who obediently complied with her wishes—"whims" they could not be called—while strangers and acquaintances were drawn irresistibly to the elegant little lady. For her life was surely to be all sunshine—the blasts it might be expected were to be fenced off. She seemed too frail, her nerves too finely strung for trouble or even inconvenience: sorrow or suffering was incompatible with her nature. And yet it almost seemed as though, when the curtain fell that night, it was to shut out the pageants and the scenes of fairy-land with which she had been familiar. And this cruel change was now at hand.

Hearing that she was to be that night at a party at a strange house where I had not been bidden, I made interest to secure an invitation. I looked round to see what would have been so welcome to me—the smiling face striving to send cordial greeting from behind the screen of great dowagers and matrons. For she generally got thus to be enclosed, to the prejudice of her night's engagements, but this she ever bore cheerfully. But in vain I sought her. She had not come, and would not come, for it was late. A good-natured friend, who knew well how things stood, came up to me with concern in her face:

"Didn't you hear?" she said. "There has been a dreadful accident. Lord V—— thrown from his horse, on his head: his skull fractured. Miss V—— has gone down by the five o'clock train, just caught it, and had not time to pack up even. She met the surgeon there, who was telegraphed for."

Here was a shock indeed. I pictured the poor little soul through that cold and dismal night journey, her heart fluttering as against the wires of a cage. It was found that by midnight, where the train stopped, they could find no other, and would have to post through the night until three in the morning. So it fell out, and at that hour she stepped upon the steps of her ancestral home, being met by ghostly footfalls and gliding, weeping figures, and was drawn in, trembling, to the dismal chamber where lay the father she so idolized, maimed and senseless.

I learned afterwards of the dreadful days and nights that followed—the gloomy all night watchings, the hoping where there was no hope, at the end of a week or so the final restoring to consciousness, to take leave of his despairing family, when, as she often recalled with a shudder, "an ashy coloured grey" tone seemed to spread over his face. Then this loving child was left without the father she so dearly loved.

This sad casualty made a material difference in the life and fortune of my little heroine. Indeed, now she was to set out on an entirely new life: it was beginning again. In every particular there was to be a violent change. The old castle and its loved flowers abandoned and given up to the eldest son, the widow and the children sent out on the world, well provided of course. It seems a hard thing that the keen sense of loss should always be made more bitter by this addition.

To myself it almost seemed like a family affliction, and there was also a sort of disappointment. For in my case the little castle in the air I had been so diligently building up, had been laid in ruins by this unexpected event.

Six months or so passed away, when I was once more bidden to the northern castle of my friend the barrister, and repaired thither, perhaps drawn by something of the old association. There was plenty of festivity, but it had not the old air, nor the old softened light. A shadow seemed to be projected from the other castle across the river. One day, however, it was mentioned at table that Doreen and her sister had arrived

there for a short time, and that our hostess and her daughters were going over to see her. An irresistible impulse seized on me, and without considering the propriety, or perhaps impropriety, of visiting under such conditions, I determined to be of the party. Our hostess, who felt that it was a matter of private condolence, could only make a faint objection. What a change in the poor girl, when she came into the long drawing-room, in her gloomy black and capes, her face pale and sharpened, her figure more frail: she had the air of having suffered some violent shock, from the very thought of which she seemed to shrink. As she glided in there was a look of helplessness, of unspeakable sadness, as though she were alone in the world now.

That little vision was before me long. It took many long and weary months before she began to rally. There then arose the usual bustle and excitement of "arranging the affairs," in itself a distraction from the interests concerned, and the necessity of giving undivided attention. Lady V—— was left handsomely off, as became a peeress; her daughters had each a substantial portion of £10,000. Here their mother showed herself in that sort of irresistible comedy light which always had an attraction for me, and soon got absorbed into a whirl of "proceedings" at law, and otherwise, which completely took off her thoughts. She was ever talking of "the assets" or "my assets;" and her solicitors I fancy found that their client was a tremendous one to manage or direct. She, indeed, was directing them. Often passing the street where they lived, I have seen her family coach waiting, and re-passing after many hours, saw it still there. She consulted everybody, and anybody, particularly the latest, newest acquaintance—always "a most sensible man"—on her proceedings, and would unfold to such the story of her particular wrongs. There were infinite touches of comedy, as I said before, in all this, highly entertaining. I recall her expatiating one night on certain heavy insurances which fell into "the assets," all mixed up with lamentations and grief for her lost husband; in the midst of which she recalled how the company received only one premium in payment when they had to pay this great sum. An expression of enjoyment came into her face, and a very palpable wink emphasized her satisfaction at the way in which the company had been "hit." More strange still, on turning to Doreen—who was as sympathetic as some electrical instrument showing delicate atmospheric changes—she had on her face a

smile of satisfaction! This was truly natural: for mamma was always right. When mamma laughed, she was to smile. She had a keen sense, too, of broad humour, and the situation of the great Company in this position, struck her as ludicrously gratifying.

By-and-bye all these matters were composed. A house was taken in town. A year or two passed by, and I noticed Doreen was beginning to recover from this utter depression. She was two mercurial and gallant not to rally. But there was no doubt her delicate system had received a shock. She was no longer the sprightly, volatile child. I often noted—and it is common in too highly strung natures—that after laughing or smiling, her face suddenly seemed to spring back, as it were, and without effort, into a sad gravity. Her health, too, had grown delicate, and there were expeditions to the Continent, and other places, and she lived abroad a good deal. All this time I was engrossed with many serious matters, but followed her and her movements with interest. I heard of stray admirers who appeared above the horizon, but soon sank again. In this fashion I suppose some five years passed away, and I come to the year 18—, destined to close one act at least of this little drama.

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## CHAPTER VII.

SETTING out on my own summer tour, in the month of July, and thinking of visiting Homburg, then in all its glory, frequented by kings and princes, the gambling-tables flourishing—"hell" was the ill-bred, old-fashioned name—I learned that "my Doreen"—so I always in my own private council-chamber called her—was living there with her mother, and would be there during the gay season. I had never seen that lively haunt, and felt an irresistible call to take the opportunity. There are certain unpretending expeditions which we look back to with pleasure, and which have a singular fascination. We put them in the museum of our memory, as it were. This year was certainly the pleasantest of a pleasant life. Everything was "going well" and happily, the carriage was rolling along the smoothest of highroads, the sun was shining all the time. Every one will recall seasons when he has thus set forth jocosely and full of a sense of universal enjoyment, betide him what it may.



I see myself at the end of the sultry months at a cosy seaport town, with the ships at the wharves, and the quaint buildings on the quays. Here the circuit to which I belonged had its last sitting, and when it closed I would embark direct at this very quay, instead of returning home. There was one good augury of good omen to send me on my way rejoicing. While lying half asleep betimes of the summer morning at the hotel, a knock came to the door, and a crown official, entering abruptly, literally tumbled down on the bed—and never was there a more welcome or ecstatic a visitation, a snowy shower—a whole bagful of briefs. The senior had been detained by illness. These were his briefs. I was next, and they were my lawful prey. I suppose there were twenty of these stout and apoplectic gentry. With a delightful excitement, I bounded on to the floor, blessing the solicitors, dressed in a flurry, snatching glimpses at the "*Queen v. John Stock: burglarious entry,*" for these were criminal prosecutions. They were to come on that day, so there was no time for preparation; still the excitement was agreeable, and the few days spent under this delightful sense of responsibility and profit, makes an almost romantic recollection.

Then it comes to a tranquil summer's evening, without a breath stirring, when I go on board the steamer, the sun just setting, the cheerful quay lined with careless walkers, the smoke curling upwards into the calm sky. Then the gliding away on into the open sea. I brought no cares with me. I was, as it were, going to seek my fortune. A placid night. And in the morning by six a fiercely hot sun glistening on a cobalt sea, an unfamiliar and little used port, with hills rising round. The population asleep. An old inn was at hand, where it was the custom to provide breakfast for all the passengers, at a sort of *table d'hôte*. The place was a watering-place, but had failed. There appeared to be nobody in it. There was a little short train of three or four carriages, that went at no very particular hour. I wandered about, and stared at the deserted houses, and returned to our breakfast, where we were all friendly and comrades, as having passed through the ocean's risks together.

By noon we were in London. It was one of those fiercely tropical days, that now seem to come so rarely, and which to one arriving as I did, seems always to give it the air of a foreign town. That night I was on the sea again. The next day at Ostend.

Ostend was then the old Ostend, of the gamboge-tinted walls, the muddy ditches, and old brick fortifications, which lent it a quaintness. It was fenced in all round, and your cab rumbled over a drawbridge to reach the "Digue." Now it is all transformed. These things are swept away. Yet I look back to these days with fondness. The place seems associated with what was beyond and about to arrive. There was a dreamy brilliance about it then, nor was it so invaded with vulgar crowds as it was now. Then there was not the flaunting, stupendous Kursaal, with its "10,000 chairs," but a little modest greenhouse, running along the pier, and open to the sea, and thought to be a very stately thing. Near the town was the old casino, with its handsome old ball-room, where there was dancing every night. There were the tranquil evenings by the sea, when towards nine the evening packet was seen gliding away gently towards England, and causing a flutter and pointing of parasols in the serried ranks, listening to the music. There were friends there, and their yacht, and we made a charming expedition to a Dutch port, which I enjoyed more than anything. But I must proceed on my journey.

A pleasant day at Brussels, a dinner in the open air, on the Place de la Monnaie, a night at the Alcazar, when the popular *Geneviève de Brabant* had just come out and was drawing all the world, and then a pleasant moonlight stroll to the station, where the night express was just starting for Cologne. This system makes travelling very agreeable, instead of being the *peine forte et dure*, which it is so often made. Next day the silvery Rhine was glistening beside us, running its race with the train, while on each side were the dark fields and vines and hills of that attractive region. Towards evening Frankfort came into view. Later the rich dark woods and sylvan heights and glades of Homburg. Homburg in these times was, as I said before, a delightfully attractive place. Every one found their way thither. It had a glitter it has since lost, a sheen of dresses, and gold and silver. Nothing was more inviting than the first entry into the hilly street, set down as it were among the woods and hills, and where you are in strange contrast to the scene, a group of Britons sauntering slowly along, but quite at home. The hotels, with their brilliant façades and inscriptions and rows of orange-trees, succeed each other up the street in inviting order. Then we reach the copper coloured gambling-house, an imposing palace enough, with its

grand gardens and terraces behind. The air blew down fresh, inspiring, and invigorating from Great Taunus yonder.

I secured a pleasant little apartment in the main street, at one Ketteler's—he was a wine merchant, too, and sold good wine—a bright cozy chamber, to which my eyes have since often turned back.

On the next day I made my way down the Kieselsteg Street, to the handsome flower-adorned mansion where Doreen was installed. Now the old little romance was, in all probability, to be resumed. Here at least were the fitting elements—a long journey: the meeting after long absence: and a sort of holiday season. The reader may speculate as to how it was to end.

In these handsome rooms I now found myself. As I entered there were the sounds of music. The brothers, as I have mentioned, were enthusiastic musicians, one a violinist of no mean capacity. He was busy now with German performers out of the orchestra of the place.

I was duly welcomed, and in a moment entered Doreen, whom I had not seen for some months. With a curious waywardness, she showed not the least surprise at what I had complacently fancied would be a surprise; but with a light and airy toss of her head, exclaimed, "Oh, are you here?"

This, however, though I did not know it then, was part of her little armoury, and, as she confided to me later, was "put on" to disguise her real feeling, which was of pleasure. At the time I was somewhat put out by such a cool reception, contrasting it with the eagerness that brought me so long a journey.

With this background, the place full of friends and familiar faces, a general freedom and good-humour and friendliness prevailing, a perpetual "junketing" and enjoyment, which was quite captivating—it was no wonder the days sped by too rapidly. Not a single one passed without seeing Doreen. It was one of the "good Homburg years." The "Duke"—our Duke—was to be seen on the walks with his faithful *aide*; and every day had his select dinner-party at "Chevet's," in the wing of the Kursaal. There were innumerable London faces, the now well-known Baron of the Exchequer, then so remarkable for his devotion to the noble and the titled; there were duchesses, and other persons of title, wit, and letters, and every day these were "getting up," as it is called, all sorts of diversion. Lawn tennis then was not. The days were indeed too short.

A prettier scene than morning at the springs could not be

conceived—the green background, the mountains, and the gaily dressed figures walking up and down, clustered in a crowd, descending and ascending the steps of the amphitheatre where the water was given out, while the band from the grove discoursed melodiously. It was all sunshine and breeze, and for excitement were there not the shaded, gilded halls of the gambling-rooms, where those terribly absorbing rites went on, and where the winning of a few florins after breakfast put you in spirits for the day, while at a loss of that amount black despair gnawed at your heart for twenty-four hours.

Doreen, though delicate, was in all her old spirits, alternating however, as usual, with a little cast of seriousness. It was now I put into her hand a sort of present which I had brought with me, and which was indeed of an artful though rather flattering kind. This was a three volume novel. Not much of a *cadeau*, it will be said. But in this story was set out her own history, subject of course to certain limitations. The admirer, or hero, might have stood for a living person, who could thus say many things which it would not do to utter in real life. I fancy this was an original and ingenious mode of winning a young maiden, already hesitating, and I believe it was an effectual one. She took it, and had read to the last page within an inconceivable short space of time. I fancy her ladyship was not altogether pleased at the apparition. She had a shrewd instinct that “no good” to her would come of it, and felt that she would have to do serious battle to keep her child. It had often been suggested, in the olden days when she was *châtelaine*, by her husband to ask me down, but she had always found excuses. She was wise enough in her generation: for there was a slow, steady perseverance in the advances of her enemy that might give her genuine alarm. There were many natural reasons why she should not favour this business. She had magnificent ideas of a grand alliance with one that was wealthy and titled, though these were Utopian enough, for the reason that she took no practical means of putting her plans in execution. There was “time enough” she thought, though time was slipping away. On the other hand, I was but a younger son, of another religion, to which the family was all most fiercely opposed. Doreen had a portion of £10,000, besides an annuity from a relative of over £200, which came later. So besides her pretty face and other graces, she was not indifferently fitted out for a

girl. But with all these feelings, her ladyship was too adroit to give me anything but a cordial welcome: I must stay to lunch, or dine, &c.

What pleasant days were those! A dream, or series of dreams, they appear now. What meetings, rencontres, accidental and otherwise, and every one a novelty—what pastures ever new! Doreen assumed a new aspect under these new conditions. In these scenes she seemed like a pastoral maiden. I see her flitting through the bright streets of the little place—herself congenially bright and brightening—gliding past so demurely and quakeress-like: and some curious fate used invariably to put me in her way. Nor was her mother slow to note this in the very early stage of our proceedings. Thus one evening I was sitting with the family. We were half in the balcony, half in the room, Doreen in a pretty attitude, resting on her mother's knees. The conversation turned, I remember, on the favourite topic of Doreen's "lovers" innumerable, whose proceedings—I being now on the footing of a confidential friend—were revealed, with an amazing candour and abundance of detail; Doreen listening, as usual, half reluctant, but half in pride. One of the rejected gentlemen was of a different religion, on which, Lady V— spoke with emphasis and meaning—I fancy "to my address," as the French put it:

"If Doreen," she said, "chose to take a fancy to any man of your religion, I should never give my consent. I never will agree to it. Not that I have any objection, my dear sir, to it—it is a good and a blessed religion—of its kind. But I set my face against mixed marriages—as ever shall I do against everything mixed."

She spoke so warmly, that all her auditors laughed heartily, which only made her repeat it, only more warmly.

I have been told by a professor that one of the arts in what is called flirtation is the talking in a sort of allegorical fashion, veiling your own meaning and purposes under figure—much as I had done in the novel. I fear I made profuse use of these repeated opportunities, and it was not very difficult, nor did it require any "arts," to gain this simple, straightforward, honest, and engaging little maid. It will sound strange if I confess that all this time I had no immediate views in the matter. The thing having gone on now so long—nine years—it seemed to hold in itself the possibility of going on for many more years. It was, in short, the old "lotus eating" of so many

years back. The old lotus eating was, we assumed, to go on still.

There now came round one of the balls "offered by the administration" to its subscribers, one of those ridiculous cheap presents announced with a flourish, but which brought them profit. Their beautiful rooms, however, were lit up, and fine music played—the only regulation being as to costume; it being expected that the ladies should appear in "a hat of luxury," and the gentlemen in either "black pantaloons or white, or of a *tender and united colour*," which certainly left a wide range of choice. What entertainment we found in these things! Hither came Doreen, not indeed in a "hat of luxury," but in her own hair, of which she had no "wealth," as the novelists have it, her prettily shaped head resting on its own merits. A ball is often a suitable background for a romance. The flashing lights, the brilliant dresses, the flowers, the whirl and excitement: above all the music aloft, rising and sinking in "dying falls," alternated with the brazen crashing of the instruments, striking in frantically after some pathetic and tender strain of the waltz: the youth and beauty now reigning supreme in their own domain, all lift it somehow far out of the sober prose of daily life. Into so brilliant a scene I saw Doreen enter, with that demure, half-childish look of interest which was one of her charms. I often turn back to that night, which seems a dream. The music of what has been called "a throbbing waltz" wound out lazily and slowly from the gallery, and seemed to "accompany" Doreen as in an opera. Thinking of her mother's speeches, I was cynical and bitter, and told her that "all was at an end, and I was so glad it was over." Doreen's nature was like some delicate instrument, the slightest breath in which gave some tone. It was cruel, playing on her, for she always showed what she felt by her eye and the delicately cut lip, which quivered and fluttered rather. Late that night I see myself walking up and down on the pretty terrace outside, the flitting shadows projected on the long tall windows, while every now and again the winding song of the last waltz, the "Beautiful blue Danube"—then driving people wild—was borne out to me. These sort of pictures lie in the memory, and are pleasant to take out and gaze on.

After that night I found myself hurried on rapidly in these pleasant paths. In the delightful glades and suburbs, near the flower gardens, in the gay bright streets, I would meet her

constantly, tripping along merrily by herself or with her maid. It was on one of these little expeditions that it first occurred to me that the matter was growing serious. The truth was, we met morning, noon, and night, and the gossips had begun to talk. I noticed, too, that Lady — began to be "dry," if not hostile. One night in the gardens of the Kursaal a little scene occurred which showed how things stood and opening my eyes.

The music was playing in the kiosk, the gardens were crowded, the lamps were twinkling through the trees. On the terrace the coffee and beer drinkers were at work. I saw Doreen arrive accompanied by her family: mother, sister, brothers in strong force, and who had come to guard their treasure. She, I saw, was in a strange excitement, with traces of tears in her eyes. The family walked on in front. Doreen, with a curious half shy look that added to her attractions, fell behind, and to my wondering ears threw out little hints of some "scene" and suffering that had passed. They wished her to go away to Munich, and this she refused, and from her curious manner she seemed to hint that I was concerned in this business. There was something charming and irresistible in her little heroine-like ways and excitement, and I shall not forget her dancing eyes. But she was presently called on to join the ranks, which closed up on her.

I recall one hot afternoon when I came on her as she was tripping along the street, her maid following, on her way to some gardens outside the place, to purchase flowers, which she literally adored and lived for. I went with her, a pleasant walk it may be conceived. By this time we had lost that tone of gay careless talk and laughing at all things. A certain seriousness had supervened, as though issues more momentous were at hand. I found myself saying to her of the novel: "If I but considered myself like the hero, I could be content indeed," at which she smiled, and, as I wrote in a little hasty diary I kept, "that delightful walk in the sun, when it first positively occurred to me and took shape, when I found myself looking down at her — she was very *petite*, like a Dresden figure — and saying, '*You know what I have always thought of you?*'" She answering in a hesitating fashion, 'N—no?' and waiting for me to go on."

But the plunge was too serious. With a touch of the bridle the too impulsive steed is turned away. Yet an irresistible impulse kept inviting me on, to this thin ice. Was there not the mortification, I put it, of being rejected? Who could make up



his mind to *that*? I artfully added the case of one of the "lovers" whom her mother had spoken of. It might reasonably tempt a man to enlist. I well remember her charming shy, half pleased, half inviting look as she said: "He must be very dull not to find out the difference when he is really liked, or is merely looked on as a friend."

And yet with this encouragement, a sort of perverseness drew me back and drew me on. Matters began to assume a serious aspect. The enormous difficulties, the tide of embarrassments, certain to rise up, the opposition from all sides—my own as well as hers; and then the "trifling," as it is called, with this faithful, never-changing, true and loyal little heart, threw me into a state of irresolution. How the sudden change in her admirer, so devoted up to that time, must have chilled her! The whole colony was now cognisant of the affair. Weeks had flown by as days, the season was "on the turn," my time was nearly up, and they were now setting off for London. She was anxious that I should go, part of the way at least, with them. One night at the brilliant, garish rooms, where the gambling was in full course, the tables crowded, I see Doreen seated looking on, arrayed in her, *i.e. my*, favourite dress. She had brought down her two or three five-franc pieces, which I was to play for her, not through any longing to win, but it was something towards a community of purpose.

"You said you *wished* that you had gone a week ago?" she asked, with her confident smile.

This I put aside in rather a cold fashion, nay, even with jesting. I see her now, poor little soul! working nervously at her glove, and the look of mortification that settled on her gentle face. But that night there came retribution for this neglect, for I spent it in much trouble and with something like remorse, pursued by the image of that wounded face. I was eager for the morning. Going down the sunny street, I saw her in the large balcony, busy watering the luxuriant flowers. She was alone; but there was a sad seriousness over her, as though the gaiety of romance was at an end. I could not but feel there was a strange reversal of our positions, for in the early days all seemed depending on her, now it appeared to rest with *me*. However, being deeply repentant, I find "I made it all up with her in the balcony, and begged forgiveness. On which she became quite happy again, and the pale face brightened." This, our last morning, was a very happy one, though in both there

was a sense of something that was not to be alluded to. Yet this could not be, I felt, for I was determined not to be hasty, or take any step without due reflection. And yet I did not think how sad and mortifying was the position in which she was left, the railing and reproaching of her family at having been played with—in a gossiping place of the kind where we had been together the whole day long for weeks. Yet in those last few moments I see myself carried away beyond the lines I had settled upon, incoherently assuring her that later on I would tell her all I thought—that there were infinite difficulties *now*. Long after she told me all this mystified her amazingly. But she was ever full of trust, and with her an assurance was as good as a fact. That night we had our last walk, and at the door of her house we said good-bye. I took her little hand into both mine. Then she walked slowly back into the house, through the trees.

Next morning, at five, I set off betimes in the cold, clear, blue of early day, with a dismalness at heart superadded to the light natural depression of departure at such hours. As the pretty, sylvan, and enticing place was left behind, what a change, I thought, from the holiday vein in which I had entered it, as upon a brilliantly lit up scene. Now it seemed that the lights were gone out: all had changed to serious business. It seemed as if the scene had closed, and the little play was over. "No play at all," the Thackerayan again will say: an ordinary, trite piece of business, repeating itself every hour of the day since the world began. Yet were there not troubles left behind—the sense of desertion, of having been trifled with, the reproaches or jests of others? These things did not affect me because they never occurred to me for an instant.

There was a long wait at Frankfort, still in the early hours, when there was a breakfast under the trees. Yet it also seemed somewhat changed, as indeed perhaps every place does appear changed, on departing from, altogether different from the approach.

That long day was dismal enough, but it brightened: the changing objects and changing scenes distracted. With me travelled her picture—which I often took out to consult—the delicately nervous face, so elegantly cut, with its smile of sympathy, its wistful, anxious look, the thoughtful, unselfish, and unconscious expression. It was pleasant to have it for company. By evening we had completed the journey, and I

was walking up the little theatrical and yet pastoral street of Spa, with its leafy walls rising high as a background, and the twinkling lights and the sounds of music. Here there were friends and relations to greet, and new distractions; and after a day or two one had settled down, as it is called.

TO DOREEN.

From the Redoute, Spa.

My dear Miss St. A——,—From this unholy spot, with the money clinking away in the next room, I must write you a few lines, for the purely selfish object of gratifying myself. I hope they will find you established in London, and not in the least tired after your long journey. I got it over fairly, but felt horribly dismal, as indeed I knew I should in the early hours; and at one time really thought of turning back, only I was ashamed. I thought of the Frankfort expedition, and the pleasant day that might have been. All here are in great spirits. It is only now and again that I get “dull” and severe. They make great allowance; but I am not in awe of them, Miss Doreen St. A——. No.

I find this place a great change. It is full of people, and very gay. With all sorts of attractions, domestic and others, what can be wanting? Yet there does seem to be something. There is only a sort of shed in the middle of the down for the waters; no “Brünnen,” where one can wander off about three o'clock and meet one's friends *accidentally*. There is a library; but it don't seem like the same as the one opposite the Kurhaus at Homburg, and I have lost all taste for helping people to choose books. No more “cakes and ale” for me, that is, coffee and Chartreuse.

I like the little picture immensely, though the face is not what it should be; but the attitude, white dress, &c., are great reminders. I wonder what a family in the railway carriage thought of the gentleman opposite, who was taking it out for a private view every now and again. They must have thought it was his own, he regarded it with such satisfaction.

There is a wicked old lady looking at me savagely all this time, who wants to write at this table, otherwise I could fill another sheet; but I must gratify her, and go. A line from town will be very welcome: even if it be as short as some of the old ones preserved among my archives, *i.e.*, “Dear Mr. ——,—Many thanks for your letter, &c.” I hope you have forgiven me for saying that you were cross: which indeed you never were in your life.

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DOREEN'S REPLY.

Cadogan Place, London.

I am sure your will be glad to hear that we arrived safely, though we had a very rough passage: even mamma, who has not suffered at

sea for nearly twenty years, was ill. I escaped, so I suppose your good prayers availed me. I wish you had been with us at Frankfort. We went to the fair, and bought all kinds of things, besides pipes *en masse* for our gardeners, grooms, and *gamins* at home. When we arrived, your landlady, with the *rural cognomen*, said to our great annoyance (for we liked her face and your character of her) that our friend had taken other apartments, and she, with nice feeling, had sent on mamma's letter to her to *our* landlady. I wish, Mr. —, you had a better amusement in the train than looking at the picture, for I think it is stupid-looking, which every one says the original decidedly is not. We had a very affecting farewell at the train, consisting of flowers, tears, and kisses—what fascinating people we must all be !

D.

### *A Christian Soldier of the French Republic.*

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"This was the noblest Roman of them all."

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IF the Republic has lost a great tribune by the premature death of Léon Gambetta, all France has to deplore in the no less untimely demise of General Chanzy the loss of a great captain, a distinguished politician, and a sincere Christian. If during his lifetime his countrymen relied upon the civilian as the bulwark of the Republic in the immediate present, their eyes turned wistfully at critical moments to the soldier in whose tried capacity as a general, intelligence as a statesman, and integrity as a man, they discerned the strength of France itself in difficult times to come. The simultaneous removal, therefore, of two such important personages cannot fail to excite a powerful influence on the well-being of the Republic, possibly also on its very existence, and even on the destinies of the nation which has been plunged into mourning by their sudden and unlooked-for decease. It is, perhaps, idle to speculate, now that both are gone, and can never toil for their country any more, which was the greater man, which rendered most substantial service, and which, therefore, is the most irreparable loss to France. But honour to whom honour is due. By what strange irony of fate is it, that whilst a national and well-nigh European importance has been attached to the disappearance of the brilliant but restless demagogue and avowed atheist, whose remains were consigned to the grave the other day with a funeral pomp, which, if decidedly pagan in character, was yet grandiose in splendour almost beyond the honours paid in monarchical times to the Kings of France themselves, the death, more startlingly sudden still, followed by the modest, but soldierly and religious, burial of the great Christian captain, has passed comparatively unnoticed and unheeded?

That the death of Gambetta, apart from the popular manifestations to which it has given occasion, is of more immediate

importance to his country than the removal of Chanzy is evident and intelligible. He had been for fourteen consecutive years uninterruptedly to the front. He was, as his countrymen express it, always *en évidence*. He had his place to fill every day in Parliament, and an active duty to discharge as the conspicuous leader of the most considerable party in the State. There were troops of sympathetic friends to advise, and an obedient political following to direct. Whether he was in office or out of it, his influence, seen or unseen, was always felt. The mode in which he exercised his supremacy might vary, but it was in one shape or another constantly present to lead or to control. When, therefore, a chief so all-powerful disappears from the arena, it is inevitable that difficult problems should arise and press for immediate solution. The survivors cannot help asking themselves questions, for example, as to the probable fate of the party deprived of his guidance who led it to battle; whether its members, now that the strong hand which once controlled them has been withdrawn, will continue united, or whether they will fall away from one another going off, some to the Extreme Left, others to a comparatively moderate section of the Republic; and the atmosphere must necessarily be charged with conjectures as to the effect of such a death on the various opposing forces of Parliament, on the shifting majority of the Chamber, and on the relations of the Ministry to the numerous "groups" of the Assembly. When a catastrophe of the nature just described occurs, it is but natural, I repeat, that all-absorbing questions, such as these, should for the moment engross public attention to the exclusion of subjects, equally important it may be, but of less immediate interest.

The case is otherwise with Chanzy. Ever since the war, and more particularly after the advent of M. Gambetta to office, he had led a life of comparative retirement and obscurity. But though out of sight, he was never altogether out of mind. Though his name had never been encircled by the prestige of brilliant successes in war, but it had been, on the contrary, his misfortune to be placed in high military command when the hour for relieving the fortunes of France had gone by, his countrymen never could forget his title to a species of distinction truer, and more ennobling than that of mere success. For the great merit of Chanzy as a military man lies, as all the world knows, in the skill and fortitude with which he conducted an all but

hopeless contest with the invaders of his country, and at the head of demoralized troops or hastily improvised levies, offered, in spite of the obstacles more than once thrown in his path by the meddlesomeness of dictatorial lay chiefs, totally ignorant of the military art, a masterly, sustained, and not altogether unsuccessful resistance to the disciplined armies of Germany, flushed with unparalleled successes. As in war so in peace. The same high qualities, which had made it possible for him to fight with honour to himself and his country an uphill battle against fearful odds, enabled him subsequently to play with dignity, calmness, and self-possession a waiting, watchful game in politics. Not, however, that by the attitude of reserve he had assumed he so far effaced himself, as to hide his sterling worth and great abilities from the eyes either of his own countrymen or of foreigners. His tact as Ambassador to the Court of Russia, and the dignity of his bearing in the various journeys he made in Europe, had created for him diplomatic and social relations, both at St. Petersburg and even at Berlin, of such a character that foreign politicians had begun to speculate about his chances for the Presidency, and to speak of him as a man with whom, if ever he rose to be the official head of the Republic, statesmen might hope to treat in a sober, rational, and business-like manner.

Nor was his capacity, for all his abstention, less valued in France than out of it. On the contrary, his very moderation, in forcible contrast with the deplorable absence of calmness in other more prominent statesmen, went far even to enhance his merit in the eyes of those of his countrymen, who were anxious above all things for peace, quiet, union, and stability in the State. To the majority of Republicans, Gambetta was undoubtedly the most desirable future candidate for the Presidency of the Republic, though there were not a few, even amongst the staunchest of these, whose minds misgave them, to whom the restless demagogue was not altogether a *grata persona*, and in whose thinking his probable election to the highest office in the State would be fraught with serious danger to the country. But in the tried military capacity of Chanzy, in his undoubted patriotism as a Frenchman, and unswerving loyalty to the Republic, men of all parties had discerned a possible reserve force full of promise for the future. By all the most thoughtful of his countrymen he had come to be looked upon, in spite, perhaps even because, of the strict reserve he had imposed



upon himself, as a living guarantee of wise and moderate counsels, of a pacific policy abroad, and of union, harmony, and steadfastness at home. All these hopes are now, alas, buried in the little grave-yard at Buzancy. As unlike in life as any two men could well be, and resembling each other in no one point, save only in the terrible suddenness of their departure, they have been followed to the tomb, Gambetta by the shallow, and in some cases simulated, sorrow of a great popular ovation, Chanzy, simple and soldier-like to the end, by the profound grief, sincere regrets, and well-merited esteem of all the best, weightiest, and most honourable of his fellow-countrymen.

Lord Clyde's brave old brother-in-arms, General Vinoy, once remarked to a friend: *Chanzy me rapelle militairement un peu le général Moreau*—no inconsiderable praise, if we call to mind the implied compliment of Napoleon's well-known jealousy of his great Republican rival. Chanzy, in fact, made it manifest, by his masterly conduct of the last terrible campaign of the Franco-German War, that he possessed in a remarkable degree not a few of those great military qualities, which distinguished the conqueror of Hohenlinden. If he had neither the vehement genius, nor what has been termed the eagle glance of Napoleon, he was at any rate more judicious and circumspect. He had the stubbornness of purpose, the scrupulous attention to the minutest details, the salutary habit of leaving nothing to chance, which have in all times characterized the consummate general. He possessed the rare faculty of raising armies, and the still rarer of knowing how to use them when raised. Cautious without indecision, bold without rashness, he never staked the fate of a campaign and his own reputation on the hazard of a single battle. Powerful as an organizer, he could restore as if by magic the spirit of an army crushed by accumulated disaster, and in the skilful conduct of a difficult retreat he was unrivalled. Capable of handling effectively vast numbers of troops, laying his plans with consummate ability, calculating with equal precision the probabilities of victory or defeat, imperturbably cool in the presence of danger, and quick to discern at a glance the shifting chances of the field, he was eminently qualified to achieve success or avert disaster, and if he failed, through no fault of his, to accomplish the former, it was as certainly due to his genius that the army he commanded never incurred the latter.

These statements are not mere phrases, but are abundantly

borne out by the history of the protracted campaign, so full of misery and suffering to both French and Germans, which is too fresh in the reader's memory to need more than the most cursory recapitulation. Landing fresh from Africa, where he had been left at the beginning of the war, and appointed first to the command of a division, then soon after to that of the sixteenth corps, and finally to the command-in-chief of the Army of the Loire, Chanzy was not slow in showing the world the solid stuff of which he was made. The man who, on the morrow of the second defeat at Orleans, his soldiers thoroughly demoralized, and his divisions broken up into fragments, could find means to rally his troops together again, infuse fresh spirit into them, take up his position on the lines of Josne, and there hold out for five long days of tough continuous fighting against an enemy flushed with victory, angered by unexpected opposition, and hourly increasing in numbers, must assuredly have been a man of no ordinary mettle, a soldier of quite exceptional capacity. The captain who, forced at length to retreat, retired disputing every inch of ground, and maintaining perfect freedom of movement, to fight as stubbornly again at Vendôme and yet again at Le Mans—such a man was undoubtedly a consummate general, who might be unfortunate but could not be crushed, whose spirit was never broken, whose skill was never at fault, whose resources were never exhausted. The general who could sustain such a contest under difficulties so overwhelming, hampered as he was by the senseless interference at critical moments of the Republican Cabinet, and yet, in spite of all, never once fail in courage, or lose either his head or his temper, exhibited the sterling character of a hero, who nerves himself to the hopeless task before him by the strongest sense of duty, the purest patriotism, and the most exalted fortitude.

Subsequently to the war the Cabinet of Tours took credit to itself, with how little reason every one knows, for having inspired the genius of Chanzy with those strategical plans which have rendered his campaign on the Loire for ever memorable. That these suddenly improvised and self-constituted lay strategists did impose upon the general of their own choosing a plan of the campaign other than the one devised by himself, is as undeniable as that, on the last day of the fighting at Josne, Chanzy found himself at a critical moment, and when he thought victory for once at least within easy reach, unexpectedly deprived by an order emanating direct from the Minister of War—who, however,

never communicated his intentions to the commander-in-chief—of an entire division on which the latter relied for the maintenance of his position against the enemy. No, indeed, all the help which Chanzy ever received in his arduous work came not from his government but from himself. Scarcely less hampered than even Wellington in the Peninsular War by incompetent Juntas and impatient critics at home, Chanzy was heavily handicapped rather than backed up by a Government, which, by constantly setting aside his plans in favour of some one else's—Gambetta's possibly or De Freycinet's—pursued a kind of strategy the least calculated to lead to conspicuous success. The proofs he gave of his genius while commanding on the Loire are consequently all the more remarkable, because they were given under the greatest possible discouragements. Chanzy was not, as he again and again reminded the committee appointed to inquire into the acts of the Government of the National Defence, responsible for the conduct of the campaign, and nothing more clearly establishes the consummate skill of his disposition than the fact, that he was able to effect so much under conditions so utterly disheartening.

But the truth is—and the mention of it will lead us naturally to the subject of Chanzy's position in his country as a politician—that at the root of the difficulties, constantly recurring between the general and his self-constituted advisers, there lay an essential difference in the very first principles which guided them respectively. For whereas the Government wanted to fight for the Republic as well as for France, Chanzy as steadily maintained that, if anything was to be done with the army, it must be made clear to it that it was fighting in defence of France, and not for the maintenance of this or that form of government. Hence, too, it was that whilst Gambetta incited his countrymen to resistance in the name of the Republic, quite as often as in that of his country, Chanzy, on the contrary, in all his despatches and orders of the day, constantly and uniformly appealed to his soldiers in the name of France, the common mother of them all. Of other politicians, his contemporaries, men might, as they did, assert with no little show of reason, that they were truer to their party than to their country—ardent Republicans rather than devoted Frenchmen, in whose eyes the existence of the Republic was of scarcely less vital importance than the safety of France itself; but all men knew and acknowledged that, staunch Republican as he was, Chanzy was before

and above all else a patriotic Frenchman. His sincerity as a Republican many will no doubt think the less open to suspicion, because he believed in a democratic form of government not as an absolute, but as a relative, good ; because he judged it to be under the circumstances the most practicable, if not the best possible, for his country ; and because, with the instinct of true patriotism, he set no more store by the interests of his party than they deserved, but, viewing the connection as a means to an end, laboured with it for the general welfare of the commonwealth. To Chanzy, therefore, who was a Republican from the conscientious conviction that as such he could best advance the interests of his country, the words spoken of Brutus are applicable, more perhaps than to any other of the Republican leaders, that he

In a general honest thought,  
And common good to all, made one of them.

If Chanzy took any part at all in politics, this arose from a sense of duty rather than from inclination. He knew that, under the Republic, the soldier who confines himself within the limits of strict professional duty is inevitably left out in the cold. So, with no sacrifice of self-respect, and without the least condescension to the paltry intriguing he daily witnessed around him, he resolved to add another string to his bow, or, to speak of a soldier in soldierly phrase, to tie another knot to the hilt of his sword, and become a politician. Into this to him new art he imported many of the qualities which had distinguished him as a soldier—the same close attention to detail, the same carefulness never to stake his all on the hazard of a single throw, and the same consummate skill in securing the means of an honourable retreat. If he resembled Moreau in war, he resembled him even more in peace. The inborn modesty of Moreau, his occasional indecision of mind, and his retiring habits rendered him unfit to cope with the energy and ambition of Napoleon. A sincere Republican, he disdained to accept elevation at the price of public freedom, and he therefore sank before the audacity of his younger and less scrupulous rival. A trifle irresolute in politics, like Moreau, Chanzy is said to have been inclined to take two steps backwards for one in advance. Whilst others, his equals or inferiors in military standing, threw themselves heart and soul into the Republic, to the extent even of burning their ships behind them, Chanzy, careful not to commit himself irrevocably to any party, was content to draw daily further away from

M. Gambetta, to speak warily at moments of exceptional interest, to record an occasional silent vote with the less uncompromising sections of the Republic, and, as formerly at the lines of Josne, to wait patiently upon events from behind the cover of his intrenchments.

The precise cause of the rupture which took place in politics between M. Gambetta and General Chanzy is a question more easily asked than answered. This much, however, is matter of general knowledge, that incompatibility of character and temper, and misunderstandings dating from the war in 1870-71, were the occasion more than once of considerable friction between the two men. Become head of the Left Centre "group" in 1872, and appointed Governor-General of Algeria in 1875, Chanzy is thought to have wounded the susceptibilities of the Gambettist party by setting his face resolutely from the outset against certain crotchets and whims in the matter of colonial reform, which were afterwards to have effect under the purely civilian *régime* of M. Albert Grévy.

But the chief cause of the final rupture between the two politicians must be sought deeper down than mere personal disagreements on side issues, or even than the offence said to have been given by some unfavourable judgments passed by Chanzy on the political conduct of M. Gambetta. The fact is, that the republicanism of the soldier, whose political creed was pretty nearly summed up in fidelity to the law and respect for the liberties of the subject, was not that of the tribune. There had always been in his republican principles a strong element of conservatism. When therefore he loyally accepted the Republic, as the only form of government practicable or possible under the peculiar circumstances of his times, he accepted it as it had been planned, made, fashioned, understood, and worked by M. Thiers. It was, at that time, a salient feature in the character of the man, that though every inch a soldier, in the best sense of the word, he never imported into the political arena the rigidity of the barrack-yard, but found a way of allying his military instincts to the liberal ideas of a sagacious statesman. But if his conservatism was far from being a stiff, stand-still, unbending, unyielding, and fanatical conservatism, he had and could have no sympathy at all with any but a steady, regular, orderly, law-abiding Government, one, in a word, which should be conservative so far at least as to respect the feelings, the rights, and the liberties of all parties in the State. As a

politician, therefore, he never advocated reforms which are only another name for a revolutionary and subversive policy; as a soldier he chafed at the constant tampering of reckless civilians with the military law; and as a devout practical Catholic he heartily reprobated the systematic persecution, unwise as it was unpatriotic, by which the more advanced Republicans sought to subjugate the Church.

But the sympathies of Chanzy were finally alienated from the home Government, and his opposition to its revolutionary tendencies confirmed, when in his capacity of Ambassador to the Court of St. Petersburg, it was given him to see with his own eyes the injury done to the good name and moral influence of his country by a policy, of which he was the official representative but which his reason condemned, and by ideas it shocked his feelings of honourable pride as a Frenchman to be called upon to defend in the presence of foreigners. Matters at last came to a head with the triumph of the Gambettist party, and the advent of Gambetta himself to power afforded Chanzy at St. Petersburg, no less than the Count de Saint-Vallier at Berlin, a favourable opportunity for the open declaration of a divergence in political views he had been at no pains to conceal from the Republican tribune. Chanzy never gave a surer proof of his faithful adherence to wise and moderate counsels, than when, by the resignation of his post as Ambassador, he made a solemn profession of being of another way of thinking, and of holding to a different political creed from the new Premier. This loyal, disinterested, and unostentatious method of proclaiming his opinions had the immediate effect of still further increasing the confidence reposed in his integrity by all classes of his fellow-countrymen, and the weighty speech he shortly afterwards delivered in the Senate in defence of the army against the attacks of a certain Major Labordère, though confined to purely professional matters and totally free from political allusions, served, nevertheless, in one of those moments of excitement when the least word tells, vividly to recall his past services, to give prominence to his present high aims, and mark him out as a future candidate for the Presidency of the Republic.

Few things can be more unlikely than that, had he lived, M. Gambetta would not have exerted his great influence to save the Republic from drifting into the undignified position in which it now finds itself placed with regard to the Princes of the Royal House of France. But for the premature demise of the great

Republican leader, Prince Napoleon, at any rate, would scarcely have found an opportunity for playing off one more of those "mauvaises plaisanteries," by which in this case he has contrived to tumble all the fat into the fire. But on the supposition that they had both lived to be witnesses of the systematic annoyance the Princes are at present suffering at the hands of the Republic, not for their misdeeds, but for the names they bear—a paltry treatment of them, which recalls Glos'ter's obvious retort to the reason assigned him by his brother Clarence, why the King was sending him to prison :

Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours,  
He should for that commit your godfathers :

it will not be uninteresting, as likely to throw additional light on their political characters, to try and conjecture what, under the circumstances, would in all probability have been the respective attitudes of General Chanzy and M. Gambetta. Fortunately there are materials at hand which will enable us to make something better than a mere guess in the matter.

It will be enough for this purpose to remind the reader that on December 22, 1870, the Prince de Joinville presented himself at the French head-quarters, for permission to serve in the army then acting under the orders of General Chanzy. The Prince pleaded his case with so much frankness and good feeling, promising at the same time to maintain a strict incognito, and offering his services as a simple volunteer, that the General at once granted him the favour he asked. But to obviate possible misunderstanding in the future it was agreed between them, that Chanzy had better take official steps to procure the further sanction of the Government at Bordeaux. Here is a translation of the letters, which passed between General Chanzy and the French Minister of War on the subject. They do not appear to need any comment, as they speak for themselves, and are a confirmation of the hint thrown out by more than one writer, to the effect that, whilst love of his country was the all-absorbing passion of the soldier, devotion to the Republic was considered a paramount duty by the civilian.

Chanzy's letter, written on December 23rd, runs as follows :

Monsieur le Ministre,—The Prince de Joinville having yesterday made application to General Jaurès for permission to follow the army, that officer presented him to me this morning.



Known in France under the assumed name of Colonel Lutherod, the Prince has recently taken part with the 15th Corps in the several actions before Orleans, fighting in one of the batteries served by the sailors, and only abandoning the city with the very last of our soldiers.

He now asks to be allowed to follow the operations conducted by myself, promising to maintain the most rigid reserve and to make himself known to no one.

As I can see in him only a soldier and a man of heart, who loving France frankly undertakes to set aside every other thought than that of devoting his energies to her service, I have not found it in me to refuse him a favour extended by the Government of the Republic to all Frenchmen.

It is my duty to inform you of what I have done and to await your orders.

Hitherto a total stranger to politics and firmly resolved to continue absorbed in the work confided to me by the Government, I am at the same time anxious that there should be no mistake about the sentiments which have guided me in the matter.

I therefore await such instructions as you shall be pleased to give me on this head, and you may rest assured that I shall carry them out to the letter.

Pray accept, &c.,

CHANZY.

That is the letter of a gentleman no less than, to quote M. Gambetta's own words, of an honourable and loyal servant of the State. The reply to it is—well, no matter—here subjoined :

Lyons, Dec. 27, 1870.

My dear General,—Your letter concerning the presence of the Prince de Joinville in your army is the letter of an honourable man and of a loyal servant of the Government of France, and I thank you for it.

You ask me for my instructions on this grave subject with a view to following them implicitly. They are as follows :—

The Prince cannot be permitted, under any pretext whatever, to remain in France even in an assumed name. He has committed a grievous fault by stealing into French territory (*en pénétrant sur le territoire subrepticement*), and by joining the army, where he might, if his presence were discovered, become an element of disturbance to the public peace and a brand to kindle civil war in the country at large. Moreover, the question raised by the presence of the Prince is no new question. It was raised the very day after the Revolution of September 4, when the Government of Paris were of one mind to order all such ill-advised persons as had passed the frontier to be re-conducted across it. More recently still, the views of the Govern-

ment have been made known afresh. The conduct of the Prince de Joinville is, therefore, altogether reprehensible (*coupable*). As a Republican and as a member of the Government I am bound to see the law respected. Colonel Lutherod must be immediately taken to a place of safety.

These are my instructions and I beg you to see them executed.

Pray accept, &c.,

L. GAMBETTA.

The short but feeling answer which the Prince de Joinville wrote to General Chanzy, when the adverse determination of the Republican Government was made known to him, will fitly close this subject.

Le Mans, December 29, 1870.

General,—I cannot depart without thanking you for what you have done for me. As a soldier you realized in the loyalty of your soul, how a man can desire to serve his country solely because of his love for it, and you have therefore sympathized with the sorrow of one, who, having won a sword, finds himself condemned to inaction in the terrible crisis through which we are passing. My best wishes will follow you and your army.

Believe in the sentiments of gratitude with which, &c.,

FR. D'ORLÉANS.

It rarely happens that in speaking about the worthies of the Third Republic, any more than about their predecessors of the First and Second, a writer has occasion to mention the subject of religion, unless, indeed, it be to deplore in some their indifference, in others their open hostility to the God who made them. General Chanzy was a notable exception to this unfortunately all but general rule. As sincere a Catholic as he was steadfast Republican and ardent patriot, his demeanour as a practical Christian gave the lie direct to those of his countrymen who were never weary of asserting, that Republicanism and Catholicism are incompatible, and that a man cannot be at once a loyal citizen and a faithful son of the Church. Speaking at Vouziers, one short year before his own untimely death, by the open grave of a friend, he praised him as a man of honour, "who, having always done his duty, had preserved intact in his heart that creed, which has made France the glorious home of faith, the nursing-mother of noble and generous thoughts." And again, only three days before his death, he reaffirmed these sentiments, when he asserted his belief that "religion is the source of true patriotism," and that "without

religion no man's nature is complete." He was not probably aware that he was in these words painting his own portrait and satisfactorily accounting for the domestic virtues of his private life, for the thoroughness of his devotion to duty as a soldier on the battle-field, and for the purity of his motives, the loftiness of his aims, and the integrity of his conduct as a statesman on the political arena.

It is almost needless to add, in the case of a man so true and thorough as Chanzy, that his practice was invariably in keeping with his theory. Even when overwhelmed with hard work in the thick of that terrible campaign on the Loire, he generally found time on Sundays to assist with all his staff at Mass, in some village church, and in the more peaceful but scarcely less laborious days of his command of the 6th Corps on the frontier, no sight was more familiar to regular church-goers than the soldierly figure of the Commander-in-Chief. His piety, like that of all right-minded Catholics, descended to the minutest details, and was besides as simple and unaffected as a child's. Producing one day a couple of blessed medals he wore constantly next to his heart; "These," he remarked smilingly to a friend, "are both presents, one from my wife, the other from myself." Closely allied to his piety, and indeed one of its chief results, was his deep devotion to his family. He was an excellent husband, an admirable father. Men recalled with emotion after his death how, when his two little girls presented themselves to the Bishop to receive the Sacrament of Confirmation, tears started unbidden to the tough old soldier's eyes, and how the man, who had faced death a hundred times without blinking an eye, turned pale with nervous anxiety lest his children should fail to answer the questions put to them by the Bishop in their catechism. There is no real virtue without self-denial. Chanzy's natural powers of endurance were no doubt exceptionally great, and enabled him, like General Gallifet, more than once to dispense with sustenance for an incredible length of time. But that he could go against nature, without as with her help, is shown by a trait, which, trifling in itself, is significant of the mastery he had acquired over himself, and is too characteristic of the man to be omitted. Abstemious as an Arab as to meat and drink, he smoked tobacco like a Turk. It was the one indulgence he allowed himself, and this to excess. Indeed, a cigar or a cigarette was rarely out of his mouth, until a medical friend happening one day to remark in his presence, that he thought the habit

injurious to him; "Are you sure of it?" asked the General in his characteristically sharp, quick way. "Perfectly certain," was the reply, and the cigar was instantly thrown away, never to be resumed.

In conclusion, then, it must be allowed that the French nation has good reason to be proud of this glorious son of hers, and much cause to deplore in him the loss of one, who if he was not a commanding genius, was a man perfect at all points, a devout Catholic, a great soldier, and a distinguished statesman and diplomatist. The grief occasioned by his death may have been less noisy and demonstrative, but it was certainly more genuine and sincere than the tears so ostentatiously shed over the remains of M. Gambetta. That the universal esteem in which he was held at home was by no means confined to his own countrymen, but that his character and conduct impressed foreigners as favourably, may be inferred from the intimate friendship with which he was honoured by both the late and the present Emperor of Russia. Taking a decoration which lay on the breast of his father's corpse, Alexander the Third handed it to Chanzy with the words: "You were my father's best friend; no man is worthier to wear it than yourself." Foreign statesmen will miss in him a high-minded politician, about whom they used to feel that in dealing with him they had to do, not with a mere party man of selfish aims and shifting policy, but with a man of spotless honour who, uniting sound principles to lofty aspirations, worthily represented his country, the chivalrous France of historical times.

In the land of his birth, for which he fought so bravely and worked so manfully, his death has left a void it will be hard to fill, not so much perhaps because the sun of a great glory has gone down, as because the star of a bright hope has been extinguished. He was the man on whom the eyes of the Conservative party were fixed as the most desirable candidate for the Presidency in succession to M. Grévy. He had already scored a very fair proportion of votes in the elections, which resulted in the appointment of the present head of the Republic, and it was thought that in the course of time the Royalist party itself might work round and rally to his side. That he constantly maintained an attitude of prudent reserve, so as to be able the better to meet contingencies hidden in the future, whether as head of the army in the case of war, or as President of the Republic itself, is as indubitable as that he would have pledged himself

irrevocably to no party, and would have had no hand in the violence of a lawless *coup d'état*. There are times, however, when events proceed, so to speak, of themselves, and then, if, as the instrument of a lawful, honourable, and salutary reaction, he had ever come to play the part of Monk and restore the monarchy, this, we may be sure, would have been, not because he loved the Republic less, but because, as the whole tenour of his life, military and political, unanswerably shows, he loved France incomparably more.

But however this may be, and to end where I began, I may perhaps venture to hope that the reader will not find I have altogether failed to make good the statement implied in the line from Shakespeare and set at the head of this paper, to the effect that the Third Republic has produced no nobler man, no more loyal citizen, honourable politician, and valiant soldier than the late General Chanzy.

WILLIAM LOUGHNAN.

## *Reviews.*

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### I.—LIFE OF ST. DOMINIC.<sup>1</sup>

A LIFE of St. Dominic written by so able and eloquent a son of his Order as Father Lacordaire cannot fail of attracting many readers. Its general merits could not well be more justly or pointedly expressed than in the words pronouncing the authoritative approbation of the work and describing it as "Marked by great purity of style, correctness of thought, and by the golden eloquence and grace so characteristic of the writer." Nor have the dramatic power and literary excellence of the book at all suffered at the hands of its very successful translator. Although desirous in his biography to distinguish between the personal life of St. Dominic and the history of his Order, and to confine himself to the portrayal, with lingering and loving hand, of the virtues and labours of the Saint, Father Lacordaire has given us a highly wrought picture of the troubled times and scenes in the midst of which he lived, full of the most varied interest. The opening chapter, on the situation of the Church at the end of the twelfth century, and the fifth, which treats of the general character of the Albigensian war, show equal skill of arrangement and power of description; the latter chapter being especially useful as giving the true history and character of a struggle so constantly referred to and so grossly misrepresented by Protestants of a certain school.

It was towards the close of the year 1203 and when passing through Languedoc in the company of Don Diégo de Azévédo, Bishop of Osma, that Dominic first became acquainted with the excesses of the Albigenses. On finding that their host at Toulouse was a heretic, in his desire to be of service to the poor man, he spent the whole night in converse with him, and succeeded in winning him back to the faith ere the dawn of

<sup>1</sup> *Life of St. Dominic.* By the Rev. Père H. D. Lacordaire, of the Order of St. Dominic, and Member of the French Academy. Translated by Mrs. Edward Hazeland. London: Burns and Oates.

day. This victory, together with the mode in which it had been achieved, was an epoch in the Saint's life, for it first suggested to him the idea of founding an Order in defence of the Church, the mission of which should consist in preaching. Another motive for carrying out the same great work and by the same means was given to St. Dominic in the result of his interview at Montpellier with the three Apostolic Legates sent by Innocent the Third into the provinces of Aix, Arles, and Narbonne to withstand the advance of heresy, though up to that time without any good effect. Don Diégo, contrasting their stern reliance on the authority of their position, on the dignity of their office, and the stately retinue which they maintained, with the smooth-tongued persuasiveness, earnest preaching, and exterior show of sanctity employed by the heretics, induced them to change their method of proceeding, and while he retained St. Dominic near his person, he himself remained, that both might labour to gain souls in the spirit of gentleness and humility, combined with fervour in preaching and genuine sanctity of life. The Bishop of Osma died in 1245, when his Apostolic work suddenly collapsed, although miracles were wrought at his tomb, and of this holy man in connection with St. Dominic Lacordaire writes :

Adequate justice has not been done to his memory. France had but a passing glimpse of him ; Spain saw him only for a short time ; ere his work was consummated, death summoned him away. Destined by God to be only the forerunner of one more holy and more extraordinary than himself—no easy task this, and one which pre-supposes a perfectly unselfish heart—Azévédo fulfilled this task with the same simplicity that prompted him to cross the Pyrenees on foot. He never thought of himself ; but the posterity of Dominic evinces for him an esteem proportioned to the greatness of his humility, and I take my leave of him with an emotion of a son who has just closed the eyes of a departed father.

One of the three Legates above referred to was foully murdered by the heretics when the invited guest of the Count of Toulouse, and this act proved the signal for the outburst of a war, which St. Dominic took no part in but bitterly deprecated, though the events of his life were interwoven with its course. The uniformity of his life during so stirring an epoch draws a marked contrast between the Saint and the military hero of the war, Simon de Montfort.

United by a sincere friendship and a common aim, their characters were nevertheless as dissimilar as the knight's armour and the monk's



habit. The sun of history illumines the cuirass of the warrior, revealing brilliant lights and deep shadows; hardly a ray falls on the garb of Dominic, but that so pure and holy that the absence of a greater brilliancy is in itself a striking homage. Dominic is in obscurity, because he has withdrawn from tumult and from bloodshed, because, faithful to his mission, he has opened his lips but to bless, his heart but to pray, and his hands but for deeds of mercy, and because virtue, when hidden from man, is invisible to all, save God.

Having drawn this contrast, it is well for us to narrate further, in the words of Lacordaire, the truly Catholic death of him who wielded the material sword in the struggle between truth and heresy:

Very early in the morning of June 25, 1218, Simon de Montfort was told that the foe was in ambush in the castle moat of Toulouse. He called for his arms, and having equipped himself went to hear Mass. When it was already commenced they came to tell him that the engines of war were assailed and in danger of destruction. "Leave me," he rejoined, "that I may behold the Sacrament of our Redemption." Then another messenger arrived with the tidings that their troops could no longer resist. "I will not depart," he replied, "until I have seen my Saviour." Then when the priest had elevated the Sacred Host, Montfort, kneeling on the ground, with hands upraised to Heaven, uttered the words, "Nunc Dimittis," and set out. His presence on the field made the enemy retreat to the fosses surrounding the town; but this victory was his last. He was hit on the head by a stone, and striking his breast and recommending himself to God and the Blessed Virgin, he fell down dead.

We must conclude our quotations with Father Lacordaire's record of one other friendship which united two saintly souls together:

Almost at the same instant that Dominic was laying the foundation of his Order at Notre-Dame-de-Prouille, at the foot of the Pyrenees, Francis of Assisi was laying the foundation of his at Notre-Dame-des-Angeles, at the foot of the Apennines. An ancient sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin, Mother of God, was the sweet and lowly corner-stone of both these edifices. Although both were at Rome during the Fourth Lateran Council, it does not appear that they had ever heard of each other. One night, when Dominic was praying, he beheld Jesus Christ filled with wrath against the world, and His Blessed Mother presenting to Him two men, in order to appease Him. He recognized himself as one, but did not know the other, whom he regarded so attentively that the face was ever present to him. On the morrow, in a church—we know not which—he beheld, in the dress of a mendicant, the face seen by him the preceding night, and running to the poor man,

embraced him with holy effusion, uttering these words: "You are my companion; you will walk with me; let us keep together, and none shall prevail against us." He then related his vision, and thus were their hearts blended in one. The kiss of Dominic and Francis has been transmitted from generation to generation on the lips of their posterity.

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2.—DECREES OF THE SACRED CONGREGATION OF RELICS.<sup>1</sup>

The title-page of this book sufficiently indicates that we have here an official publication. Prefixed to the book is a Decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, which states that the Collection is taken from its archives by command of our Holy Father Leo the Thirteenth, by the officials of the Secretariate of the Congregation. These Decrees have therefore a special right to the title of "Authentic."

This may, in some sort, be considered a second edition of the Decrees of this Sacred Congregation, for, years ago, Mgr. Prinzivalli, one of the Officials, published a thick volume containing most of the Decrees that are here. The new volume naturally brings down the Decrees to a later date. Mgr. Prinzivalli's volume, however, will always be useful, for it contains the lists of Indulgences of many Religious Orders, which are not reproduced here. The present volume, however, atones for this by the insertion of nearly a hundred pages of such Papal documents as are referred to in the Decrees. It is much to be regretted that, while the editing of the rest of the book seems all that could be desired, this Appendix is left without any list or table of contents, and without any notice whatever in the General Index. The Index to the Decrees is very full, and as in each case the sense of the Decree referred to is complete, the Index is in reality a summary of the whole, where the Decrees relating to each subject are gathered together and arranged in alphabetical order. This Index would therefore make a good handbook by itself.

The work of this Congregation is, as its title indicates, divided into two branches, Indulgences and Relics. On both these subjects the Congregation sometimes, though somewhat rarely, issues General Decrees of universal interest and obliga-

<sup>1</sup> *Decreta Authentica S. Congregationis Indulgentiis Sacrisque Reliquiis preposita ab anno 1668 ad annum 1882*, Edita jussu et auctoritate Sanctissimi D. N. Leonis, PP. XIII. Ratisbonæ: Pustet, 1883.

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tion ; but more usually, its decrees, like those of the other Sacred Congregations, are answers to particular questions that have been addressed to it. To give a few specimens of these will not be like taking a few bricks as samples of a house, for each Decree has an individual interest, which is more than can be said for a brick. We will therefore quote a few Decrees of this kind, adding to each simply the year in which it was issued.

First then of holy Relics. His Holiness the present Pope has absolutely forbidden the buying and selling of Relics either in or out of Rome, even under pretext of redeeming them, and this though they be in Reliquaries properly sealed (1878). The Relics that were taken from their cases in 1793 in the French Revolution, and were subsequently collected and preserved by the Bishop of Dijon, when sealed up but unaccompanied by any document, may be judged by the Bishop with the advice of his Chapter to be authentic, and they may be kept in the Cathedral or elsewhere with the title *Reliquiæ sanctorum* (1847). By the Council of Trent every Bishop may authenticate Relics of any kind in his own diocese, and he may also if he thinks proper reject and confiscate Relics which have the approbation of an Italian Bishop in due form (1749). A Bishop may of his own authority translate the bodies of the Saints to more precious shrines in the same Church, but to alienate them or transfer them beyond the diocese requires the Pope's permission (1676). Relics of the Holy Cross are to be separated from Relics of the Saints (1847). This general rule has its exception in a Bishop's pectoral Cross.

We add a few extracts respecting Indulgences. The prayer *En ego*, to which a Plenary Indulgence is attached when it is said before any image or picture of the Crucifixion, originally needed no additional prayers for the Pope's intention (1841), but a later Decree renders it necessary to pray for some space of time for the intentions of His Holiness (1858). This prayer may be said in any language (1858), and by reciting it a Plenary Indulgence may be gained after each Communion that follows the weekly confession (1838).

The last blessing with its Plenary Indulgence *in articulo mortis* cannot be repeated in the same danger of death, however long that danger lasts (1775), not even though it were received in mortal sin, nor on account of relapse into sin (1836) ; nor can the sick person receive it from various priests (1841), nor in

virtue of various confraternities (1855), because the Indulgence is received in the true and not in the presumed article of death (1675). It can be given only in the form approved by Benedict the Fourteenth (1879), and the *Confiteor* is to be said, except in case of necessity, even though it has been said in the preceding Confession, Viaticum and Extreme Unction (1841).

It is needless to say that there are many more subjects that we could quote with advantage, but we must refrain. There are six pages of the Index devoted to Privileged Altars, five to the Via Crucis, two to Scapulars, five to Confraternities, &c., so that it is clear that the Collection of the Decrees of this Sacred Congregation is a treasure house of authentic instruction on the subjects on which it legislates.

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3.—BROWNSON'S WORKS.<sup>1</sup>

America cannot be accused of neglecting her own distinguished writers, and she shows an evident desire, as years flow on, to collect a national literature which shall compete with that of the Old World. On the roll of her recent authors the name of Dr. Brownson will go down to posterity as entitled to the praise of indefatigable industry, of vigorous intelligence, and, above all, of singular honesty in the search after truth. He began far from the goal which he at last reached; but his efforts mark a continual progress in the right direction. Hence his successive changes of view have upon the reader a very different effect from that depressing influence, which comes upon us as we read those writers who profess to deal in the vague or the self-contradictory, and who make no pretence to reach a clearer atmosphere. America is at present saying a good deal of another of her famous men, who certainly had great power, but whose ability should never blind us to one radical defect. We cannot imagine Dr. Brownson ever penning such words as appear in a letter from Emerson to Carlyle: "Here I sit and read and write with very little system, and, as far as regards composition, with the most fragmentary result; paragraphs incomprehensible, each sentence an infinitely repellent particle." Dr. Brownson believed better of God and nature than to doubt that truth was one consistent whole, and that

<sup>1</sup> *The Works of Orestes A. Brownson.* Collected and arranged by H. F. Brownson. Vol. I. Detroit: Thorndike Nourse, 1882.

this truth was sufficiently discoverable even here below, if man would adequately bend his several energies to the task. Between Brownson, therefore, and Emerson, there is all the difference that lies between wholesome and unwholesome authorship. Still our high appreciation of Dr. Brownson must not blind us to certain points on which we are bound to dissent from him. We can do this all the more easily as he himself abandoned some of the positions taken up in his earlier essays; and it is the earlier essays that chiefly make up the volume under review.

Foremost we would mention a theory of free-will that is certainly untenable. It is said that free-will is the power to act; that to be free is to be the cause of one's own actions, and that we cannot conceive causality without freedom. This opinion conflicts both with other truths, and with the doctrine enforced in the condemnation of the thirty-ninth proposition of Baius: *Quod voluntarie fit, etiamsi necessario fit, libere fit*. Indeed, in a later essay, we find Dr. Brownson expressly distinguishing between *voluntarium* and *liberum*, and in subsequent volumes we may expect a yet clearer correction.

Next, we would just mention our dissent from even the mitigated system of ontologism which Dr. Brownson adopted. Disbelieving that we can rise from the sensible to the intelligible, and from the finite to the infinite, by the process commonly defended in the schools, he maintains that the Divine Reason intuitively communicates itself to us, in a way which he is careful to guard from the charge of pantheism, as well as from that of being identical with the mode of the Beatific Vision. It is true that some passages from the Fathers may seem to lend a colour to the ontologistic view; but the whole patristic doctrine really condemns ontologism, as is shown by Cardinal Franzelin in his treatise *De Deo Uno*, Theses X. and XI. The arguments from reason, too, are against Dr. Brownson. A third point calling for brief notice is Dr. Brownson's tendency to reject distinctions, which are at least permissible, and often necessary. That we cannot have an universal science, taking account of all aspects of a case together, is our misfortune. Here our finite faculties are at fault, not the objective condition of things which are the matters of the several sciences. God, if we may use the expression, has a single science which is all-inclusive. But we cannot have the philosophy which Dr. Brownson desiderates, and which "should know really and

truly the nature of everything from God down to the veriest monad." Our philosophy must be speculative and abstract, and not immediately applicable to concrete cases. Our metaphysics cannot be directly available for physical research. Again, in his frequent assertions that our faculties do not operate separately; that it is the whole man that feels, knows, wills, and acts, Dr. Brownson utters what is in part true; but he rather overshoots the mark. In support of what we say we would refer especially to a certain confusion in which he involves himself, in the three several papers that treat of a question raised by Père Gratry. The point in dispute is whether love should take the lead, or intelligence, in the search after truth. At least the point must be so discussed as not to run counter to the plain axiom *ignoti nulla cupido*, and the equally plain truth that love must be, not blind, but rational. Dr. Brownson, however, does not seem to keep consistently throughout one clear line of treatment.

But in indicating these weak points in Dr. Brownson's philosophy, which are the result of his being a self-taught man, we do not forget or undervalue his many virtues, intellectual and moral, and his rare and able championship of the cause of truth. The Church of Christ is his debtor, not only in America, but throughout the world.

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4.—THE PUBLIC LIFE OF OUR LORD.<sup>1</sup>

Those who have learnt to look forward with pleasure to each addition to Father Coleridge's great work on the Public Life of our Lord, will find their hopes abundantly satisfied in the present volume. We are inclined to think that it surpasses all its predecessors. The preparation of his materials has been to Father Coleridge a lifelong labour. That he should have been able to do so much for his favourite undertaking amid the many calls on his time, is itself a proof of his devotion to his life's ambition. He has set himself to a careful study of what the Fathers, the great preachers, and learned commentators have done to elucidate the Gospel narrative and to draw from our Lord's words the full lessons they were meant to convey. The labours of modern critics have not been neglected, in so far as there was

<sup>1</sup> *The Public Life of our Lord Jesus Christ.* Vol. VI. *The Training of the Apostles.* Part II. Burns and Oates.

anything of value in them; and from this mass of learning, made his own by long meditation, the author is producing a work on the Life of our Lord which, we think, has never been surpassed. To Catholics it has not merely a literary or scientific value, for his treatment of this, the noblest subject which could fall to an author's care, is thoroughly practical, thoroughly adapted to the wants of our own day. A reader rises from the perusal of these pages with a deeper conviction than he had before that our Lord's words and teaching were not for His own time only, but have in them the full remedy for the crying evils of our own age.

Father Coleridge's work is a remarkable contrast to books on the same subject which have appeared of late years. Not to speak of the mis-spent labours of rationalists, the showy, descriptive sketches of our Lord's Life or of the labours of His Apostles, which have been popular in England, are shallow and flimsy indeed beside this careful reproduction of the loving labours of the great teachers of the Catholic Church. Here we find in due place the beautiful doctrine evolved by Catholic theology from our Lord's words; here again the great moral precepts which the Catholic teachers of every age have dwelt on and illustrated, are put vividly before the reader; while the meditations of the saints and ascetical writers of holy Church are here used to picture to us the working of Divine Love.

If we might venture to choose out one point of teaching in this volume for special notice, it would be the tracing of God's loving Providence over men, to which the reader is constantly brought back. This line of thought is especially dwelt on in the chapter on the Precept of Charity, in commenting on our Lord's promise that we shall thereby be "sons of the Highest." There it is shown how God loves His enemies, and waits patiently for the sinner's conversion.

All the time that the sinner is running his course of rebellion, his most loving God is waiting for him, contriving means for his repentance and restoration, and loading him with a continual shower of temporal benefits, often giving him the good things of the world to which he has no right, because He foresees that He cannot hereafter give him the good things of the next life (p. 131).

The succeeding pages put before us God's predilection for mercy, His magnificence in rewarding, His slowness to punish, the easy terms on which He forgives. How full of encouragement is such a passage as the following :



It is the doctrine of Scripture and of the Church that God rewards intentions, designs, desires of doing Him service, as if they had actually been accomplished. . . . This is a part of His Mercy as well as of His Magnificence, for the reason why so many good intentions and designs for the glory of God do not reach their accomplishment is to be found in the weakness and instability of human powers. . . . It is a real act of compassion to take the will for the deed, and thus to remedy the feebleness of our poor nature out of the boundless resources of the goodness of God (p. 143).

The credentials of the Catholic Church, which it is most necessary for us to keep before our minds in this age and country, are often recurred to in these pages. Protestants are very much in the same position with regard to her as the Jews were with regard to our Blessed Lord; hence the commenting on His reception by His own people gives ample scope for showing forth the claims of the Church and men's duty in her regard :

The truth of our Lord's Mission, and especially the truth of His Divine Personality, which was most clearly and continually claimed by Himself, may be most fairly and cogently urged on those who already admit Him to have the evidences of Divine Mission . . . because it is impossible to believe that God would so accredit a person who could speak the slightest untruth concerning Himself. And this is, in the same way, to be taught concerning the Catholic Church, that she after all is the witness to her own prerogatives, and what she claims to herself as to her position in the world and as to the obedience which is due to her, in whatever order, must be a true claim.

We cannot refrain from calling attention to what, we believe, will be one of the great uses of this work of Father Coleridge's, viz., that it will gain many hearts to the faith. Earnest religious men, whose misfortune rather than fault it is, that they are outside the Church's fold, would certainly be pleased with this commentary on the Life of our Lord if it were put in their hands, and gradually, without exciting those feelings of hostility which controversy is so apt to rouse, the true position of the Church in the world would dawn upon them, and old prejudices insensibly melt away. Many of the points on which Protestants are often most averse to the truth are treated incidentally with such beauty and force, shown to be so admirably in unison with all our Lord's teaching and ways, that the heart would be at once gained and intellectual difficulties slip away unconsciously :

We are here led to think of that most merciful provision which has been made in the Church for the remission of that part of what is owing

to God's justice which can be remitted in the next world, that is to the debt due to His justice by way of satisfaction, by the application of the treasures of the merits of our Lord and the Saints by way of Indulgences. . . . When [the merits and satisfactions of the saints] are made fruitful to us in the way of forgiveness of our debt to Him, He regards them as they are in His own faithful remembrance, and it is true to say that the pardon which we obtain is granted by Him for the sake of that one of His servants whom it pleases Him thus to honour by the remission of pain for his sake. In this sense we may compare the treasure of the Church which is applied to us in this way to some very magnificent cathedral, the work of successive generations of devout Christians who have gone before us in the faith (p. 150).

But we must not take away from the interest of reading the work itself by quoting the development of this comparison. In the following pages the mercy of God in appointing for us a place of temporal punishment in Purgatory is excellently illustrated. Very similar in tone is the exposition of the reasonableness and blessing of sacramental confession (p. 345). Father Coleridge's tenderness for those outside the Church who are laboriously groping their way to the truth, often comes out in these pages, and would certainly help on many a poor hesitating soul, and prove that the strong picture elsewhere drawn (p. 323) of the miseries of heresy betokens no lack of sympathy, but rather a most lively interest for the poor wanderers.

There will always be souls in such a stage of spiritual progress as not yet to have been ripened for the full sacrifice of conversion, under circumstances where conversion implies great material losses and strong social persecution; and others again in whom the intellectual process of laying aside the prejudices and false teaching of generations is slow in attaining its completion. . . . Providence is very tender with such souls, so long as they retain their simplicity and good faith, and the tenderness of Providence in their regard is the method chosen by infinite Wisdom for their final salvation or perfection (p. 248).

We have already exceeded the limits of a short review, and must close with an earnest hope that the *Life of our Life* may make steady and continuous progress to its completion.

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##### 5.—MANY VOICES.<sup>1</sup>

The idea of collecting in chronological order specimens of the noblest sayings which have fallen from the lips of the greatest men of Christian times is certainly a happy one.

<sup>1</sup> *Many Voices.* Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., 1883.

From the days of St. Clement and St. Polycarp a long line of illustrious men, great characters always if not always great writers, have drawn their deepest and their tenderest inspirations from the doctrines and the practices of Christianity. Not the Christianity which so many now interpret to mean a vague notion of being generally philanthropic and considerate towards all, a notion which can be entertained and put in practice by men who dread a dogma as they dread a scene, but the Christianity of the Catacombs and of the Vatican, which fasts and afflicts the body and believes in Church authority.

With the embarrassment of riches furnished by the long list of Saints and writers to choose from, the selections made must naturally depend very much on the individual bent of the compiler, and in *Many Voices* the extracts are made with fair taste and judgment. The short biographical notices which follow each set of quotations, give in a few words a sufficient idea of the character and position of the writer from whose works the quotations are made, and add very considerably to the life and interest of the whole.

But there is a good deal in this book which jars upon Catholic sensibilities. The great Protestant principle of private judgment has induced the compiler to give to many "devout" men brevet rank among the Fathers of the Christian Church to which they have no claim whatever. Wycliffe is indeed a sorry companion for St. Anselm or Venerable Bede, and an arch-heretic like John Huss comes strangely between St. Vincent Ferrer and Thomas à Kempis.

Still more objectionable are the inuendos and the carping directed against practices which are distinctively Catholic.

The compiler seems on the alert to bring in any little fact which, properly isolated, may be inferred to support the thesis that the doctrines and practices of the Christian Church have always been conspicuously Anglican. St. Jerome's translation of the Old Testament, we are told ostentatiously, "was commenced without ecclesiastical sanction," from which we are to draw the inference that the inferior clergy of the fifth century treated their ecclesiastical superiors much as the inferior Anglican clergy treat their bishops now. The more important fact that the Pope St. Damasus was so pleased with St. Jerome's work that he *insisted* upon his revising the New Testament also, *novum opus me facere cogis*, writes St. Jerome to Damasus in his Preface to the Gospels, is omitted.

Lanfranc, it is stated, incidentally "refused to press celibacy on the clergy," thus artlessly bringing out the conformity of the practice of the Anglican clergy to the ideas of Lanfranc. But the truth is poor Lanfranc found the British clergy very debased, *agrestes et illiterati*, he calls them, and though he succeeded in making the Canons Regular live in celibacy, as they were bound to do, among the rural clergy he was for the time being *unwillingly* obliged to put up with some things which he had no means of immediately remedying.

Such looking at the facts of history through tinted spectacles is of course to be expected in books written by Protestants. Catholics have need to be cautioned against much that is apparently fair and candid in the writings of Anglicans, because this apparent fairness and candour is only a new and dangerous form in which the persistent hostility to the Church is now showing itself.

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#### 6.—THE CHAIR OF PETER.<sup>1</sup>

The difficulty which a Catholic most commonly experiences in holding to any good purpose a friendly argument with his Protestant fellow-countryman, is the tendency of the latter to run off the high-road away from the one question decisive of the controversy—the question, namely, of the Papal Supremacy—into some such by-way or side issue as the doctrine of Purgatory and Indulgences, or the honour paid by Catholics to the Saints and the Queen of all the Saints, or Mass and the Real Presence, and the practice of auricular confession, and what not. This cardinal point, therefore, by which every other must stand or fall, cannot be too explicitly or even too broadly stated, or too steadily kept in view as the main point at issue, to which all else is subsidiary, and of quite secondary importance. In fact, either the Pope really is what he proclaims himself, and what millions of Catholics throughout the world acknowledge him to be, or he is not; that is the real question in dispute. Either the Bishop of Rome is indeed the Divinely-appointed Vicar of Jesus Christ, and as such incapable of leading us into error in matters of faith and morals, or, to put it plainly, the

<sup>1</sup> *The Chair of Peter*: or the Papacy considered in its Institution, Development, and Organization, and in the Benefits which for Eighteen Centuries it has conferred on Mankind. By John Nicholas Murphy, Author of *Terra Incognita*. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

world has never known an imposture so monstrous, and at the same time so successful, as the Papacy, since none but the Popes have ever claimed to impose upon the minds of men a creed in many respects necessarily out of the reach of the human mind to grasp, and on their wills a code of laws above the strength of mere unaided nature to observe. In a word, either the present feeble old man at the Vatican, no less than his two hundred and fifty and more predecessors, is in truth the mouthpiece of God to man, to tell him what to believe and what to do that he may have life eternal, or—there seems to be no other alternative—he is really what, alas, too many Protestants have been taught to consider him—Antichrist. In the eyes of those who differ from us the Pope is the very head and front of our offending. Protestantism had not existed a day but, with an instinctive knowledge of the vital question at issue between itself and Catholicism, it dubbed the latter “Popery,” and its adherents “Papists.” The names are not euphonious, but the instinct which bestowed them was a true instinct. “Popery” is the very essence of Catholicism, and the difference between an indifferent and a thorough Catholic lies precisely in this, that the former is a half-hearted, the latter an uncompromising “Papist.” Advanced Ritualists may adopt our doctrines and our practices, one after the other, believe in the Mass, the Blessed Virgin, and Purgatory, have High Celebrations, practise confession, burn candles and incense, genuflect, and bow, and cross themselves, as we do, but so long as they reject the authority of the Pope, they are no more “Catholics” than a dead body, out of which the soul is gone, is a man.

All this is by way of introduction to a very excellent work on the institution, development, and organization of the Papacy, which has been recently published by Mr. Murphy, already favourably known to the public as the author of *Terra Incognita*. Several treatises in English have been written on particular branches of this great subject. To mention only two; Archbishop Kenrick's *Primacy of the Apostolic See*, a very valuable work, deals with the whole subject, but having been written thirty-seven years ago, it does not contain the important events of this and the last generation; and Mr. Allies' well-known, deservedly esteemed, and most exhaustive work, confines itself with an accuracy and thoroughness worthy of a trained theologian, to the arguments from Scripture and Tradition for the Primacy and Supremacy, and is, perhaps, from its very learning,

better adapted for the use of the more limited class of professional students, than for the information of the general public. It is the scope of Mr. Murphy's book, whilst setting forth "a clear and explicit statement of the Catholic doctrine of the Primacy of St. Peter and his Successors, and of the grounds on which that doctrine is based," to treat also, from a Catholic stand-point, of the Papacy in its development and organization, and to give a condensed history of the Temporal Power of the Popes—all brought down to our own times. This plan the reader will find has been executed by the author in a very thorough and most attractive manner. Besides a great deal of valuable information very fully supplied on the growth of the Temporal Power and the relations of the Pope to the civil power, the work before us contains chapters on historical subjects so important and interesting as the reign of St. Gregory the Seventh, the Great Schism of the West, Luther and the Protestant Secession, and in more modern times the Pontificates of Pius the Sixth, Pius the Seventh, and Pius the Ninth.

The author has been at much pains to avoid uttering a word calculated to wound the feelings of those whose religious tenets differ from his own, a praiseworthy endeavour in which we think it will be found that he has fully succeeded. He has quoted largely from Protestant authors—in every case writers of learning and weight—of whom he speaks invariably with the respect they deserve. The chapter on the "Benefits of the Papacy" is built up almost entirely on the evidence furnished by non-Catholic writers, such as Leibnitz, Guizot, Ancillon, Lord Stair, Dugald Stewart, and even Voltaire. Another very pleasing feature of this excellent work, and one which adds immensely to its usefulness, is, besides a copious index, and some excellent tables of statistics, its very numerous, comprehensive, and valuable notes. To the name of each author, when first quoted, for example, a brief biographical account is appended, which will enable the reader, if previously unacquainted with his history, to form his own opinion of the value of the testimony adduced. This alone will give a very fair idea of the care and completeness with which the author has discharged his task.

So far as the arrangement of the work is concerned, we cannot help thinking that the chapter on Infallibility would have come better in closer proximity to the arguments from Scripture and Tradition for the Supremacy, instead of being, as

it is, relegated to the end of the book. The author will not, we feel certain, take it amiss if we challenge one little expression occurring in the chapter just alluded to. It is scarcely accurate to say that "until defined by the Vatican Council of 1870, Papal Infallibility was an open question for discussion." No doubt a man might, before the definition, impugn that doctrine without "making shipwreck of his faith," and cutting himself off from Catholic communion, but he could not, particularly since the definition of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception had dealt its death-blow to Gallicanism, deny what was *proximate to*, if not actually *of*, faith, without incurring the gravest censure.

In conclusion, we heartily commend the *Chair of Peter* both to Catholics, as a valuable, full, and yet compendious addition to the literature we already possess on the important subject it treats, and to those of our Protestant fellow-countrymen, who, desiring in these days of the unceasing warfare of unbelief against Christianity to make common cause with us against a common enemy, are sincerely anxious to grant us a hearing, and, instead of misapprehending, "loyally to accept our own account of the faith that is in us."

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7.—THE CONCEPTS AND THEORIES OF MODERN PHYSICS.<sup>1</sup>

This book forms the forty-second volume of the International Scientific Series. It was designed, according to its author's avowal, "as a contribution, not to physics, nor, certainly, to metaphysics, but to the theory of cognition." And a very interesting contribution it is, though we may be permitted to doubt whether it will help the particular theory of cognition advocated by Mr. Stallo. He, being a professed relativist, with some Hegelian excesses of his past life to atone for, is down upon metaphysic. It is a perpetual irritation to him to observe how persistently and insidiously the metaphysical spirit intrudes itself into the meditations of the man of science, and thwarts his efforts to reduce the real data of experience without having recourse to realistic assumptions. And the feeling of irritation gives place to a more active demonstration of zeal, upon the discovery that a large portion of the concepts and theories of modern physics are thoroughly unsound, owing to the ineradicable tendency of the human mind to forget the essential

<sup>1</sup> *The Concepts and Theories of Modern Physics.* By J. B. Stallo.



relativity of its objects. Accordingly he rushes to the rescue and charges vigorously against the mechanical theories of nature, these being for the moment the most prominent objects of attack, as, apparently, they are the most manifestly vitiated by the metaphysical virus.

Metaphysic has long been to the rank and file, nay, even to some of the more noisy leaders, of the army of science, what Popery used to be to certain sections of Protestants and Non-conformists. Recent events have perhaps to some extent stripped both spectres of their fancied terrors. Still there is enough left of the metaphysical scarecrow in the imaginations of scientists to give interest to the experiment of a revelation such as Mr. Stallo's book contains. Imagine the pious horror of the orthodox belauders of experiment and observation, when their eyes are opened by him to see that so much of the physics of the day is vitiated by metaphysical assumptions; that atomic and dynamic theories alike "identify concepts with real sensible objects, and confuse abstractions with things;" that "matter" and "motion," "energy" and "force," of the existence of which they have fondly thought they had direct sense-experience, are as indubitably figments of the mind, as were the abstractions of the schoolmen! We are afraid we cannot offer them any consolation. The truth will have to be faced with the best grace possible. From the standpoint of the relativist not only the mechanical theory, but *every scientific theory*, is liable to the damning charge of being metaphysical. Science deals with universals, that is, with general types of being. To the relativist these will seem to be "partial, ideal, or even conventional groups of attributes having no realities corresponding to them;" but to deny them all reality is to deny the objective validity of science itself. Mr. Stallo therefore has made no new discovery, though he evidently thinks that he has, and though the point which he makes may strike most of his readers as new. The fatal blow which nominalism gives to science, and, indeed, to knowledge of whatever kind, was familiar to the philosophers of Greece. The difficulty presses upon nominalists and conceptualists alike; and it has been possible in these days to ignore it, only because we have been content to frame abstract theories of cognition, and have abandoned, as regards the reflective sciences, the wholesome methods of observation and induction which have been used to such good purpose elsewhere.

Mr. Stallo is quite within the mark, on the supposition that

one form of realism is as untenable as another, when he says that—

The mechanical theory, in common with all metaphysical theories, hypostasizes partial, ideal, and it may be conventional groups of attributes, or single attributes, and treats them as varieties of objective reality. Its basis, therefore, is essentially metaphysical. The mechanical theory is, in fact, a survival of mediæval realism. Its substantial elements are legitimate logical descendants of the *universalia ante rem* and *in re* of the scholastics, differing from them, at most, in this, that they are summits of abstraction reached by ascents along gradations of sensible properties ascertained by observation and experiment, and not by escalades of the misty heights of traditional predicables (? predicaments) representing early, crude, and vague fancies of the human intellect.

But let it once be seen that the doctrine of the relativity of knowledge is incompatible with the attribution of reality, not only to science directly and formally, *i.e.* to the whole body of scientific propositions, expressive of the laws of the constitution and activity of existing things, but also to the typical natures or modes of being, actual or potential, whose properties it is the business of science to investigate and determine; then the doctrine of relativity will lose its hold upon the minds of men. Apart from the exaggerated realism attributed to Plato, and from the Scotist doctrines, which seem to involve it, the only alternatives are the guarded realism of the best school of scholasticism on the one side, or some form of universal scepticism on the other. There can be no objective value, as it is called, for science of any order, metaphysical, physical or moral, except in so far as reality belongs to its formal subject, that is, in the language of the relativist, to the attribute or group of attributes constituting the particular *aspect* of things with which each science is concerned. It is obvious, of course, that an aspect under which individual things are viewed cannot itself be an individual thing; that in an army, for example, the ranks and functions of the various grades from the general downwards are not so many "men" over and above the numbers on the muster-roll. But are they therefore unrealities? Rather, could there be a real army without them? Mere concepts indeed! Why not charge a commander-in-chief with metaphysic, because he thinks that the discipline and confidence and habits of obedience and content and other "partial and ideal attributes" of his men may count for something in the rough work of battle? The

fact is that the doctrine of relativity is a mere theory, and a very shallow theory too. It will not stand the test of application to the commonest experiences to be gained by reflection. It ignores whatever there is of order and intelligibility in the universe, and absurdly denies to these all reality, because, forsooth, they are not the material upon which they are impressed.

It is our confidence that the common sense of men will be quite competent to grasp this, when fairly put before them, that makes us welcome the *Theories and Concepts of Modern Physics*. Though written in downright hostility to the views we entertain, the book will serve to clear away the misconceptions which stand in our way. "It will be seen at once," says Mr. Stallo, "upon a most cursory glance at any one of the chapters of this little book, that it is in no wise intended as an open or covert advocacy of a return to metaphysical methods and aims; but that on the contrary its tendency is throughout to eliminate from science its latent metaphysical elements, to foster and not to repress the spirit of experimental investigation, and to accredit instead of discrediting the great endeavor of scientific research to gain a sure foothold on solid empirical ground, where the real data of experience may be reduced without ontological prepossessions." If only the line opened out in this book be followed with patient study, we believe that the effect will be the very reverse of what the author intends. Relativism would never survive a serious encounter in the open field with the "old metaphysical spirit" still lingering in modern science.

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#### 8.—PHONETIC SHORTHAND DICTIONARY.<sup>1</sup>

In 1742 John Byrom, M.A. Cantab., F.R.S., obtained an Act of Parliament to secure to himself the right of teaching his system of shorthand. His terms were five guineas for each pupil and a pledge that the pupil should not impart his knowledge to another. "The father of rational shorthand," as he has been called, would no doubt be shocked to see how cheap Mr. Pitman has made his own phonography, immeasurably superior as it is not only to Byrom's but to all its more recent rivals. Here we have some sixty thousand words—four times as many as are contained in Shakespeare's immense vocabulary—

<sup>1</sup> *A Phonetic Shorthand and Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language* By Isaac Pitman. Fifth Edition. London and Bath, 1883.

beautifully engraved in a well-bound crown octavo, for four shillings. This fifth edition is a completely new departure. All unnecessary matter is swept away to make room for the insertion of past tenses and participles, which frequently alter the shorthand outline, and for a copious list of proper names. To the uninitiated, therefore, this dictionary is nothing but a list of words with the accents marked. But to those that can read phonography, it is both a pronouncing dictionary and a model of shorthand forms.

However, is not a shorthand dictionary a confession of failure? If phonography represents each sound by a distinctive character, ought we not to be able to write *on principle* without turning to a book for the shape of each individual word? And, if we have to consult a dictionary, must not the labour of learning the art be interminable? Undoubtedly, one's skill in shorthand is indefinitely perfectible. It's like playing the violin. Absolute perfection is unattainable, and the good shorthand writer improves till his fingers become palsied with age; but in the act of improving, after the first groundwork, there is no labour. Nor is a shorthand dictionary indispensable to even the best verbatim reporter. Only it is a great convenience: for it shows just which of several abbreviating principles has been found most serviceable in each case.

We will even go so far as to say that no system of shorthand has established its reputation so long as it has not been applied to a tolerably complete vocabulary of the language. This is a crucial test which tries to their utmost the capabilities of any scheme based on geometrical lines. If, in a considerable number of words, the consonants can with difficulty be joined or form unsightly outlines, the system stands self-condemned. This is the fifth time that Mr. Isaac Pitman has stood this test, and each time with growing success. Well nigh forty-six years have elapsed since he first attempted to improve on previous shorthand inventors, and he has been steadily improving ever since. In 1857 and 1858 he fought a battle royal with many English and most American phonographers, because he was determined to alter the vowel-scale and thus upset the positions of multitudes of words, while his opponents held fast to their dearly-bought habits of writing. Then, when the Americans saw that the change was a great advance, they took to improving too, and, not being hampered by scruples about copyright, they have gone on for the last twenty years tinkering at Mr. Pitman's

invention and hunting many a stenographic principle to death. Meanwhile the patriarch of phonography works away with the ardour of youth and the maturity of age, introduces only such improvements as are suited to the practical requirements of shorthand, and is now beating the Americans in their own country.

The framework of his phonography was completed about nine years ago ; but one or two minor tricks of the art have been introduced since then, and even in this new dictionary we observe some slight improvement such as the new *thl* in *Bethlehem*, faulty outlines corrected as in *hexahedron*, and the introduction of difficult forms hitherto omitted, such as *physicist* and *joviality*. We still desiderate some words in which two prefixes immediately follow one another, as *intercommunion* and *self-conquest*. The praiseworthy features of this edition are especially the great number of technical expressions so convenient for reporters of scientific lectures, the amended pronunciation of whole classes of words, and the addition of proper names, many of which are foreign to the genius of the language, and therefore severely test an English shorthand. However, owing to the antiquated and unnecessary distinction which Mr. Pitman makes between the vowels in *fir* and *fur*, while he uses for *fir* and *err* the same vowel-sign as in *met*, we cannot tell whether he pronounces the first vowel in *erring* like the *e* in *herring* or like the *e* in *err*. We may also be allowed to express the hope that the new edition of this excellent dictionary will contain a still greater number of words—why not make it as complete as Webster's or the Imperial Dictionary?—together with those comparatives and superlatives which change the outline of their positives.

Men of leisure and of an inventive turn are at liberty to seek "pastures new" in the shorthand field ; but he would be a very unpractical man who should take up with some untried system, when he has within reach this most perfect expression of a system that has been weighed in the balance of experiment by two generations of men in English-speaking countries all over the globe, and has not been found wanting. No other shorthand has had anything like the ever-increasing popularity which attends Mr. Pitman's invention. With his weekly journal of 14,000 copies, with a score of shorthand magazines under different editors following his system, and with a couple of million text-books scattered broadcast over the world, he can

afford to rest from his labours. But we know he will not rest. We expect a still more complete edition of his dictionary before long.

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9.—THE HIBBERT LECTURES, 1882.<sup>1</sup>

The Hibbert Lectures are not an institution that date back very far in the history of theology, but already they are sufficient in number to show that the tendency of the whole series will not be to much that is positive in the way of Christianity. Their founder did not indeed specifically will that these lectures should be given; but he did, in general terms, charge the trustees to adopt such schemes as should seem to them "most conducive to the spread of Christianity on its most simple and intelligible form, and to the unfettered exercise of private judgment in matters of religion." Professor Kuenen fully comes up to the freedom of speculation which the bequest wishes to further. He gives a naturalistic account of the three religions called "universalistic," and if out of the three he prefers Christianity, as minimised by himself, it is only because such Christianity seems to him the religion most adapted to the common wants of the race. The general thesis of the book is thus laid down: "The connexion of the universal with the national religions furnishes the measure and the explanation of their universalism." This point to be proved is successfully dealt with in Islamism, Christianity, and Buddhism, the chronological order being reversed.

I. And first as to Islam. The author, while allowing that Mohammed may have had some predecessors, denies that these could be said to represent a national tendency. Hence Mohammed's was peculiarly a "personal" work. He set himself up against the polytheism, the idolatry, and the superstition of his country, and largely succeeded in overcoming them. Also he succeeded in giving a certain capacity of universalism to his creed, but this in an inferior degree; for he left, unsatisfied and, on his system, unsatisfiable, higher spiritual cravings that must arise in the more developed races. Moreover, as a fact, with the exception of the first converts, the mass of those who embraced Islam are declared by Professor Kuenen to have been actuated by unworthy motives. "It was the prospect of plunder

<sup>1</sup> *The Hibbert Lectures, 1882.* By A. Kuenen, LL.D., D.D. London: Williams and Norgate, 1882.

and conquest—a prospect which could be realized only if all the tribes united under one banner—that made them accept Islam.” And the religion so adopted was often little more than a sort of outer garment over the old superstitions; it did not take up the elements with which it came in contact, so as to dominate them and assimilate them to itself as parts of an organic whole. Such are some of the leading views of our lecturer concerning Islam, and he recapitulates his whole theory in two sentences:

Islam, reared by the genius of one man out of materials imported from elsewhere, enters the world as a founded system, seems at first completely to answer the wants of these to the level of whose capacity it was framed, shows itself even afterwards and up to the present time suited to the peoples and the individuals who have not risen above the standpoint of legalism, but misses the power so to transform itself as to meet the requirements of a higher type of life, which in its present form it cannot satisfy. At a given period it becomes a hindrance to that development of the spirit which it must actually choke, if it be not strong enough to cast it off.

In which appreciation of Islam the sole standard of success is determined by certain assumed needs of man’s spiritual nature, and the power to gratify these needs even in the higher stages of culture. Mohammed is allowed to enter upon the task of founding a religion with the same rights as Jesus Christ; the only thing is that in a fair field Christ is proved to have outstripped his rival. But as for the idea that Christ was the God-Man, with the sole commission from his Father to found the one universal supernatural religion, such a notion would apparently be scouted by the Hibbert Lecturer as narrow, and not to be tolerated in science, “in the age of Darwin, when we can recognize no impossible barriers between the several species and genera.”

II. Dr. Kuenen enters upon the subject of Christianity and its antecedent Judaism in the same naturalistic spirit that he brings to the discussion of Islam. Every particle of the supernatural disappears. The sacred writers are like other annalists, and as to the prophets it is a conjecture,—

With strong probabilities on its side, that the phenomena of inspiration and ecstasy, which had been native to the worship of the Canaanite deities, passed over to the worshippers of the Yahweh [Jehovah] likewise. . . . Taken as a whole the prophets cannot have stood much above the soothsayers and wizards amongst other ancient peoples.



Yet noble exceptions are admitted. Then Professor Kuenen quite changes old ideas as to the chronology and the sequence of the several books in the Bible. He places the beginnings of Hebrew literature in the eight century B.C. or a little earlier, that is, about a century after the schism between Juda and Israel. With all the licence of a man grown accustomed to arbitrary theorizing, whose whole trade is to construct history according to his own fancy, he says with the calmest assurance,

The songs which were originally passed from mouth to mouth were now written down, collected, and provided with historical notes. From these beginnings historical writing presently developed itself. Experience had shown that such compositions must have met with a favourable reception. . . . Thus arose, presumably in the priestly circles, the earliest collections of laws and moral exhortations, one of which we possess in the book of the Covenant.

We wonder whether the lecturer is accustomed to hear his views called in question ; whether he has much practice, orally, in trying to prove and defend them against disputants possessed of knowledge and power to use it. He advertises himself as "Professor of Theology at Leyden ;" and we can assure him that if the studies were conducted there as they are in our Catholic seminaries, he would receive a regular bombardment of "difficulties" from students who would attack what must seem to intelligent listeners very unwarrantable innovations on old doctrine. The professor would be asked, for instance, how he manages to get over all the objections against putting the date of Deuteronomy so long after the time of Moses, and against placing the priestly law after the return from exile. Nor would it be sufficient to say that by so doing we avoid having to account for that apparent non-observance of the ordinances which has to be accounted for, if Moses were their author. This is escaping one difficulty by running into a far greater, where even such allies as Dr. Wellhausen and Dr. Robertson Smith will not prove effectual. A very barefaced, palpable, and stupid system of lying has to be charged upon the authors or subsequent redactors of the several books of the Bible, if Dr. Kuenen's theory is to hold good. Than so to accuse the sacred writers, surely it is easier to suppose that the Mosaic laws may have been culpably or through ignorance neglected ; that some of them were not absolute or did not come into force at once ; and that they may have met with

more obedience than our scanty records suffice to attest. At any rate it is better to confess our ignorance than to set about rearranging the order of Bible documents against the reiterated testimony of the Bible itself, and simply in conformity with our views of what is a rational sequence of events.

After what we have said it stands to reason that Dr. Kuenen's theory as to how a universalistic religion, Christianity, was developed out of the originally national religion of "Yahwism" is for us no true account. He admits the personal influence of the Man Jesus Christ in helping to an issue the tendency that had previously set in among the Jewish people; he admits that Christ, and not St. Paul, is the real author of universalism in Christianity; and he admits that neither to Hellenism nor to Buddhism do we owe the origins of Christianity. But all these admissions, though true as far as they go, are mixed up with such gross errors, that we have little to be thankful for on the whole, but much to protest against. It is no satisfaction to us to find the Scripture promises of a universal religion twisted into make-believe proofs that Judaism was gradually evolving Christianity by a natural process. Nor, now that Christianity is founded, can we join with Dr. Kuenen in his praise of Rothe's dictum, "Christianity is the most mutable of all things; that is its special glory." Consequently, we utterly dissent from the admiring comment:

Christianity entered the world without being rounded off or closed as a system. No religious founder ever left more for his followers to do than Jesus. It was his to utter the great principles and to reveal them in his life and death. It was theirs to seek the formula of the Christian life of faith. . . . It need hardly be said men have gone countless times astray. . . . Yet the mutability of Christianity remains an inestimable blessing.

Such is the Christianity of the Hibbert Lectures, but it certainly is not the Christianity that Christ founded; that is to be sought among the legitimate heirs of Christ's legacy, in the Church that is made up of the divinely commissioned teachers and the flocks of which they are the shepherds. Only by disregarding all that Christ said, and nearly all that history says of Christ, can Professor Kuenen force a way to his portentous conclusions.

III. What our author has to say of Buddhism is of less concern to us. The subject is sufficiently vague to allow of different theories. What chiefly calls for notice in Professor

Kuenen's lecture is the fact that he ranges himself on the opposite side to the school represented in this country by Max Müller and Monier Williams, who look upon Buddhism as a sort of revolt against Brahmanism. On the contrary, Dr. Kuenen adopts the theory that there is a close alliance between Buddhism and Brahmanism. This is a harmless field for speculation; and if little good comes of the discussion, not much harm is to be feared. What we do fear is that a course of lectures like the present should help gradually to deceive a portion of the English people in taking it for granted, that there is nothing specifically different in Christianity, and that it is a natural phenomenon on a par with Buddhism, though some degrees higher in the perfection of its kind.

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10.—RACHEL'S FATE.<sup>1</sup>

These stories, most, if not all, of which have already appeared in the pages of the *Catholic World*, cannot fail to please every reader. They are very far above the average in merit, both as regards the narratives themselves and the manner in which they are related; a clever combination of humour and pathos renders them singularly attractive, and throughout the volume there is not one tale which the most fastidious critic could call either pointless and dull or far-fetched and unnatural. Those which at the commencement appear to be simple love-stories soon develop some feature of thrilling incident or startling adventure which, though perfectly true to nature, raises the actors out of the sphere of every-day life, and keeps the spectator in anxious suspense, eager to see how the drama will end.

The scenes of the stories are laid in different places, some being illustrations of German life and manners. The *Wraith of the Achensee* is an amusing narrative of what befell two simple and brave art-students in Munich, who, although inseparable friends, always appeared alone in the studio and at the Kneipe, because owing to their poverty, they possessed only a single suit of clothes between them, worn by each on alternate days. *Conrad and Walburga* is a charming romance, full of true feeling and generous sentiment, which in the hands of a less able

<sup>1</sup> *Rachel's Fate; and other Tales.* By William Seton. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

author, might easily have degenerated into sentimentalism. The majority are tales of early and revolutionary times in New England and New York, full of stirring incident, and introducing names well known in the military annals of the Western Continent. Where all are so good it is difficult to select, but the *Old Stone Jug* may be taken a fair specimen of the others. The Old Stone Jug was a tavern near Boston, kept, at the commencement of the struggle for Independence, by a cunning old man, who strove to stand well with both parties, so as to get custom from both and also to make sure, whatever the issue of events in those critical times, of being on the winning side. His daughter Martha, a handsome and attractive girl, applied her father's principles to her conduct towards her lovers, though she sometimes dissuaded him from his own double-dealing.

"Take one side or the other," said Martha, shaking her head. "I'd rather be fair and open, even if we made less money."

"Humph! We'd be in a pretty fix if I did that, child—a pretty fix. Why this tavern would not stand a week, except for my double-faced sign-board; whereas now George Washington might be entertained here and depart highly edified, and so might King George. The only unpleasantness would be if they both happened to come at the same time. So, child, you ought not to be finding fault." Then, after pausing long enough to take a chew of tobacco, "And besides," he went on, "'tis not easy in this world always to see the clear path we ought to follow. Why you yourself are in a fix; and I don't wonder at it, for in this township I can't name two honester, jollier, more manly fellows than Elisha Williams and Harry Valentine. And if I were a girl with those two boys for sparks, I believe I'd jump into East Chester Creek, so that neither of them might be disappointed."

Here Martha's merry laugh rang through the house; then taking Elisha's bouquet in one hand and Harry's magnolia in the other, she stretched forth her arms and stood exactly half-way between the two love-gifts, and said: "Well yes, I am in a fix . . . I must decide one of these days."

"Don't be in a hurry, child. Wait; have patience. If we are beaten and forced to remain colonies, marry Harry Valentine; if we secure our independence, then marry 'Lisha, for 'twill go hard with the party that is beaten, their land will be confiscated."

"I'll give my hand to the bravest, father, no matter what side he is on. And it is because they are both so good and brave that I hesitate" (p. 393).

We will refer the reader to the book itself for the tragic results which followed from poor Martha's hesitation and the policy she had inherited from her father. Enough to say that

her life's happiness was destroyed by it, while her father's double-dealing was equally unfortunate.

The story which gives its name to the volume, besides one or two others, are tales of sea-faring life, and certainly do not yield the palm to any in spirit and interest. Mr. Seton's racy and vigorous style of writing corresponds well with the subjects he has chosen, and his simple, natural way of introducing the religious element, bringing religion forward as a matter of everyday life without ever obtruding it, cannot be too highly commended. He has the art of placing the scenes he depicts before the reader's vision almost as plainly as if they were being acted on the boards of a theatre, and the powerful situations, pointed dialogues, and sudden changes of his tales suggest the idea that very little manipulation would be needed to make capital plays of them. And it would be well for the play-going public were modern dramas half as healthful in their tone, and at the same time of such absorbing interest as the stories in this entertaining volume.

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*Literary Record.*

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#### I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE aim of Mgr. O'Brien's pamphlet<sup>1</sup> seems to be to counteract the force of custom whereby even many Catholics might grow reconciled to the state of subjection, to which they have now for twelve years seen the Papacy reduced. From a consideration of who the Pope is, it is shown that every condition of dependence on the Civil State, and especially such condition of dependence as actually exists at present, must constitute the Sovereign Pontiff a prisoner; and that no fine phrases can alter that ugly fact. In face of this injustice the duty of all Catholics is, as the author points out, to be strenuous in their assertion of the right, and to neglect no lawful means of furthering a settlement which we may trust the good Providence of God for ultimately working out. What that settlement will be is at present hidden from us, but will be seen in God's good time.

<sup>1</sup> *Is the Pope a Prisoner?* A common-sense view of the Roman Question. By Mgr. H. H. O'Brien, D.D. London: Burns and Oates; Liverpool: Catholic Publishing Depot, 50, Manchester Street. 1883.

Catholics trying to lead good lives are often troubled with the thought that they can do so little good to those around them. They would wish to help on the good cause, but what can they do in their weakness? The beautiful organization of the Apostleship of Prayer opens to all a means of joining heartily in the work of the Church in every land; while its rules and observances, though so light, are yet sufficient to keep its members alive to the great works in which they are called upon to take a part. The little manual before us<sup>2</sup> gives in an admirable form the objects, motives, and practices of the Holy League, the Indulgences attached to it, and other items of advice and encouragement. All members of the League should expend fourpence on a copy; and those who are not members should with all the more reason do likewise, and they will not long remain outside its ranks.

Every one who has experienced it knows, and often knows painfully and after much suffering, the difficulties which accompany a woman's path through the various stages of life's journey, the many difficulties of girlhood, the increasing difficulties of the wife and mother, and perhaps the hardest difficulties of all which beset the life of one who is not called by God to the religious or to the married state. Such an one has to fight her way alone, a position of dependence and poverty often aggravating her sufferings, and perhaps ill-health and family troubles as well. To all such Father O'Reilly's *Mirror of True Womanhood*<sup>3</sup> will be an invaluable guide. Admirable rules and hints are given to the girl entering on life, to the young wife and mother, to the matron who has charge of a household, to the governess and companion, whose lot is often such a hard one. The book is a consoling and instructive one, not full of countless warnings of danger, but encouraging and full of hope. It builds up instead of pulling down, and every one who reads it will find in it strengthening and comforting food, whatever their path or lot may be. It has already passed through thirteen editions in America, and we hope that the first edition published in Europe will not be the last.

At the present time, when the Holy Father has recommended so strongly to the faithful the Third Order of St.

<sup>2</sup> *The Little Handbook of the Holy League of the Heart of Jesus.* St. Joseph's Library, 48, South Street, Grosvenor Square.

<sup>3</sup> *The Mirror of True Womanhood.* By Rev. B. O'Reilly. Dublin: M. H. Gill.

Francis, a book of hymns<sup>4</sup> published for their use, as well as for general circulation, is very appropriate. Everything connected with the Seraphic Saint has a charm about it, and this little hymn-book is thoroughly in accord with the spirit that he desired to impart to his children.

Objections are sometimes raised against meditation books, on the ground of their being too elaborate for practical purposes. This objection cannot be raised against the *Short Meditations*,<sup>5</sup> or rather the short points for meditations, published by Messrs. Richardson. The materials for a meditation are provided, a train of thought is suggested, together with some resolutions which flow naturally from it, leaving the meditation properly so called to be made by the exercitant. Points in this form are often preferred by persons who have some familiarity with the practice of meditation, and to such these inexpensive monthly publications will be especially welcome.

The late F. Vercruysse's short summary of Conferences on the Immaculate Conception<sup>6</sup> gives in a few words an answer to some of the common objections which are made against this dogma, and the power of the Church to define it. The narrow limits of his summary necessarily make the treatment of the subject slight; but slight as it is, it allows of his giving much matter for thought, while at the same time indicating the manner in which similar objections may be fittingly dealt with.

We are not very remarkable for the variety of our cuisine in this country, and perhaps Lent is of all times the season of the year when this want of variety is apt to make itself prominent. The short and clear directions and hints for improving and diversifying our maigre dinners which are contained in *The Continental Fish Cook*<sup>7</sup> come at a time when they will be found very acceptable in many households and communities.

Mr. Sweetman's fifteen pages on Emigration<sup>8</sup> tell their tale with plain-spoken honesty and quiet humour. Reporting on the doings of the "Irish-American Colonization Company," he confesses to failure in securing repayment of passage-money,

<sup>4</sup> *Hymns for the use of Christians, Convent Schools, and Franciscan Tertiaries.* John Chisholm, London and Edinburgh.

<sup>5</sup> *Short Meditations for every day in the Year.* J. Richardson and Son, London.

<sup>6</sup> *The Immaculate Conception.* Summary of Conferences, by F. Bruno Vercruysse, S.J. Dublin: M. H. Gill, 1883.

<sup>7</sup> *The Continental Fish Cook.* R. Washbourne. London, 1883.

<sup>8</sup> *Recent Experiences in the Emigration of Irish Families.* By John Sweetman. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.



and in keeping to their farms destitute emigrants for whom too much had been done in the way of "spoon-feeding." It appears that many an emigrant will send back a part of his earnings to his relatives in Ireland simply because he would lose caste if he did not, and yet will neglect the claims of justice and gratitude on the part of those who paid his passage or set him up on his Western farm. Hard-working farmers, who want to bring up their children in a Catholic atmosphere far from city vices, must for the future have £100 in cash after passage paid, if they wish to secure a farm of eighty acres with buildings and implements.

*Our Esther*<sup>9</sup> is a little story well suited to school and guild libraries. It tells of a good Catholic girl and all the work she did for God in an unpretending, unobtrusive way, and the sore trials through which she had to pass to her home in Heaven. It is nicely written, natural and instructive.

*The Gamekeeper's Little Son*, and the stories which follow it,<sup>10</sup> will delight children. They are sensational and full of tragic interest. The first has rather a sad ending, but the others are more cheerful in the *dénouement*. They would be very useful to a teacher or mistress who has a number of little children to amuse and interest and who finds it hard to keep them employed.

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## II.—MAGAZINES.

It has long been a reproach cast against Catholicism in Germany that in recent times it has never produced a single poet of more than third or fourth rate merit, the stream of genius always having flowed in Protestant channels. Now, however, in these adverse times, when the Church has a hard struggle for existence, fertility seems to have revisited Catholic soil. The *Katholik* mentions in terms of high praise several volumes of poetry which have lately appeared and cannot fail to take high rank in contemporary literature; amongst which are mentioned the lyrics of H. Baumhauer, the *Song of the Swan*, by Brill, an epic which attracts by the originality of the plot as well as the vigour of the rhythm, the poems of Weber, *Pleasure and Pain* by Steinhauer, &c., Father Baumgartner's

<sup>9</sup> *Our Esther*. By M. F. S. R. Washbourne.

<sup>10</sup> *The Gamekeeper's Little Son*, and other Stories for Children. R. Washbourne.

translation of Calderon is also highly commended as well as the writings of the late Father Diel, S.J., which have just been published.

An investigation of the archives of the free city of Bremen affords proof that persecution and oppression of Catholics is no new thing; ever since the reformed faith became the religion of the city, records are found of complaints on the part of the Catholic inhabitants and appeals to the Emperor by them, on account of the privileges and rights of citizenship being denied them, *odio religionis*, of their exclusion from guilds and corporations, besides countless annoyances and injustice, such as imposition of fines, marriage prohibitions, &c. Another article in the same number of the *Katholik*, has for its subject the vexed question of the conduct of Galileo, and the treatment he received from the Roman Inquisition. Although so much had been written and said concerning him, an impartial and authentic account of his trial had not hitherto been published. Dr. Grisar, the Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Innsbrück, has now supplied the want, and many unfounded accusations brought against the Church, much false compassion bestowed on the illustrious astronomer—whose misfortune was to be in astronomical science in advance of his generation—will disappear before the strong light of the truth brought to bear on them. The main points of the first part of the work, taking the historico-juristic view of the question, is given in an interesting and concise form; the latter part, containing the theological view, is to be considered in a following number.

The *Stimmen aus Maria Laach* for February draws attention to a recent work on the year 1683 and the Turkish War immediately following, which will prove of great service to the historian as well as of great interest to the general reader. Father Bauer, in the able sketch he gives of the work, shows how many doubtful and obscure portions of history are thereby elucidated, and the intricate intrigues of the Court of Louis the Fourteenth disclosed, not apparently much to the credit of the Grand Monarque, who instigated and encouraged the Islam invasion in view of obtaining for himself the Imperial Crown of Germany. We should recommend any one who is desirous to acquaint himself with the many and manifold uses to which electricity may be applied—unlimited and endless as they appear—to read Father Kolberg's article on the subject, wherein

he gives a great deal of information in a concise and simple, but by no means dry form. He passes in review the different electrical exhibitions of Paris, London, and Munich, promising in the next number to tell more of this wonderful force, whose extent and adaptability to practical purposes it has been reserved for the present age to discover. Father Schneemann contributes an article on the modern school-system, whose laws have now been long enough in force for their effects to be duly felt, and their pernicious result upon the bodily and mental health of the children is creating no small discontent throughout Germany. The Catholic laity have expostulated, parents have complained, but the stereotyped bureaucratic answer was always the same refusal to listen. Now the voice of Nature is heard to protest, and medical authorities have taken up the matter, and laid before Parliament a petition urging the necessity of reducing the school hours, and limiting the number and extent of the studies, on the plea that injury to the rising generation is injury to the State. The result of Father Beissel's reading and researches given in his paper on the emblematic signification of the lion, cannot fail to please the readers of the *Stimmen*. This animal is constantly used as a symbol of strength in pagan art, of courage and vigilance in Christian images; it is met with in ancient fables and the pages of Holy Writ as an emblem of one or more of its most prominent characteristics. A short biographical sketch of Paul von Dessander, by Father Baumgartner, places before us a simple and pious Swiss artist, who devoted himself to the service of religion too exclusively to attain the celebrity which might otherwise have been his. During the space of forty years he is said to have painted two thousand religious pictures, almost all of which he sold at a most unremunerative price for the decoration of poor churches.





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